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THE

METRICAL MISCELLANY:

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

POEMS

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

Scegliea tra vaghi fiori e verdi erbette
Ogni foglietta lieta,
Tessendo a Febo nove ghirlandette,
Mentre di Pindo, per l'ombrose valle,
Passava il fiume più leggiadro in vista.

SECOND EDITION.

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No Poem, hitherto confined to Manuscript, has been inserted in this Miscellany without the Concurrence of the respective Writers, whose Names, where the Editor has obtained Permission to make them public, are affixed to their Poems in the following Table of Contents.

(Several New and Original Poems are inserted in this last Edition.)

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ERRATA.

In the Table of Contents, page x, line 13, for Elegy, read *Epitaph.*
Page 3, line 25, for flowrieſt read *flow'rieſt.*
Page 11, line 11, for gaiu read *gain.*
Page 225, line 4, for beamd read *beam'd.*
Page 231, line 4, dele "

THE

METRICAL MISCELLANY.

IMITATION

OF THE

IDYLLIUM OF MOSCHUS

ON THE

DEATH OF BION.

FROM THE GREEK.

YE Doric Streams, that with poetic wave,
Sicilia's verdant hills and forests lave;
Ye Groves, whose sacred haunts the Muses tread,
Come mourn with me the gentle BION dead.
Ye Flow'rs no more perfume the vernal gale,
Ye Vi'lets wither, Roses turn to pale;
And thou, sweet Hyacinth, whose letter'd leaf
So long has worn the bloody marks of grief,

With more than wonted sadness, learn to tell
How, wept by all, the tuneful Shepherd fell.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measures flow.

Ye Nightingales, whose melancholy song
So sweetly breathes her blooming banks along,
To Arethusa's wand'ring wave relate,
In saddest notes, the youthful Poet's fate:
Tell her the Doric strains shall sound no more;
Tell her the weeping Muse has left her shore.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strain in mournful measure flow.

Ye sweet Strymonian Swans, where'er ye glide
On the smooth bosom of the silver tide,
O! pour the doleful tale in ev'ry ear,
Tell it in sounds that he himself might hear,
To each Ægrian, each Bystonian maid,
That low in earth their Orpheus now is laid.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And let the strain in mournful measure flow.

Dear to his flock, no more the matchless swain
Directs their wand'rings o'er the sunny plain;
No more, far floating on the balmy gale,
His voice is heard along the flow'ry vale;

For now, alas! by Styx's current drear,
He pours his song in Pluto's ruthless ear.
For ever silent are his native rocks,
Where foodless wander his forsaken flocks;
Robb'd of his cheering voice, his tender care,
They fill with doleful bleatings all the air.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measure flow.

Deep mourn'd the Muses round their fav'rite's bier,
Nor spar'd Apollo's self the sigh sincere;
Pan and Sylvanus, with the Satyrs sad,
Wail'd o'er thy tomb in sable vesture clad;
The flow'ry-kirtled Naiads, as they led
Their murm'ring currents through the verdant mead,
Where wrap'd in Fancy's dream thou lov'dst to lie,
Wept thy sad fate till all their urns were dry;
While Echo, wont thy tuneful notes to swell,
Pin'd for thy loss within her silent cell.
Ev'n Spring in sorrow check'd her genial breath,
And all her verdure wither'd at thy death.
The luscious streams the flocks no more brought home
No longer flow'd the honey from the comb,
But in her waxen cell expired the Bee
In pining grief; for where, deprived of thee,
Where could she find, the flow'riest banks among,
Honey, to match the sweetness of thy song?

Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measure flow.

Ne'er did the Dolphin sound so sad before
His doleful mournings round the sea-beat shore;
Beneath the shade, with half so sad a note,
Ne'er tun'd sweet Philomel her warbling throat;
Nor, skimming low the lonely hills along,
Did e'er the Swallow twitter forth her song;
Never in such a melancholy strain
Did the stream-haunting Halcyon complain;
Never along the Ocean's glassy breast,
Sung gentle Cerylus so sore distrest;
Or, round his sad sepulchre in the vale,
Did Memnon's bird his master's fate bewail;
As did ye all, on this unhappy shore,
Young Bion's hapless, timeless death deplore.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And bid the strains in mournful measure flow.

The feather'd songsters on the bloomy spray,
To which he fondly taught his melting lay,
Were heard to mourn in sad alternate strain,
And all day long of Bion's loss complain.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And bid the strain in mournful measure flow.

While fond remembrance draws the tender tear,
While sound thy heav'nly strains in Fancy's ear,
What daring shepherd on thy pipe shall try
To imitate thy matchless melody?
Ev'n Pan, the task unequal would decline,
Ev'n Pan himself, by shepherds held divine.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And bid the strain in mournful measure flow.

Forlorn and wand'ring on her sea-girt shores
Fair Galatea still thy death deplores,
For well she lov'd thee, and with ravish'd ear
Would sit the live-long day thy voice to hear,
Thy voice unlike to Polypheme's rude strain,
From whom she trembling hid beneath the main.
Now sadly leaving the Cerulean flood,
She seeks thee weeping thro' the silent wood;
In ev'ry dream thy much-lov'd form she sees,
Her fancy hears thy song in every breeze;
By night she dwells with thy deserted flock,
Or lies despairing on the flinty rock.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measure flow.

With thee are lodg'd within the silent grave,
Each brighter boon the Muses ever gave;
No more the virgin's melting bosom move
The sigh of rapture and the wish of love;

Deep heaves young Cupid's breast with many a sigh,
And many a tear bedims his melting eye,
While more his mother mourns than that sad day
When torn with wounds her lov'd Adonis lay,
And when with more than mortal grief opprest,
She clasp'd him, dying, to her throbbing breast.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measure flow.

O Mele, most poetic stream that flows,
Awaits thee now a worse than all thy woes;
Homer, the Epic Muse's joy and pride,
Was long since ravish'd from thy tuneful side;
Then mourn'd, 'tis said, thy waves with doleful roar,
Till Ocean answer'd from his farthest shore;
Now must you weep with passion as sincere,
A bard as tuneful, and a son as dear.
" To each his different inspiration gave
" Sweet Helicon, and Arethusa's wave."
Great Homer sung of Helen's matchless grace,
Of stern Achilles, and Atrides' race,
With every chief that drove the rattling car,
Or launch'd the spear in that immortal war;
But he, by Arethusa's fairy stream,
Who sung so sweet, employ'd a softer theme;
Far from the bloody scenes of war and strife,
He sought the pleasures of a rural life;

Beneath the woodland shade or craggy rock
Sweetly he warbled to his wand'ring flock;
Form'd the sweet pipe that charm'd the list'ning vale,
And fill'd with luscious stream the foaming pail;
While to the nymphs and shepherds of the grove
He taught the matchless joys of mutual love.
Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And let the strains in mournful measure flow.

Nor art thou mourn'd in rural scenes alone,
For proudest cities join the general moan,
More sadly Ascra grieves, than when her pride
And only joy, the tuneful Hesiod, died;
Bæotia shed not o'er her Pindar's bier,
In such unceasing floods, the bitter tear;
Nor yet did Lesbos, when Alcèus fell
On the dire stroke with equal sorrow dwell;
The Ceian town did not her bard deplore,
Or Paros weep her gentle poet more;
Nor were so many hearts for Sappho wrung,—
Sappho, whose fate thyself so sweetly sung.
Not wholly skill-less of the past'ral strains
By thee so sweetly taught thy native plains,
For thee I strive to raise the song of woe,
For thee to make th' Ausonian verse to flow.
Let others share the wealth that once was thine;
But let, O let thy matchless art be mine!

Sicilian Muse, begin the song of woe,
And make the strains in mournful measure flow.

The fruits that in the cluster'd garden grow,
The fragrant Vi'lets that unbidden blow,
The flow'ry tribes, that graspt by Winter's hand,
Scatter their with'ring beauties on the land,
Die not for ever, tho' a while they lie
Expos'd to every blast that sweeps the sky;
When Spring, returning, breathes along the plain,
They rise, in all their glory rise again:
But MAN, the great, the good, the brave, the wise,
By Fate o'erthrown, falls, never more to rise!
From doom eternal not a pow'r can save,
Or rouse the long, long slumber of the grave.
Sicilian Muse, begin the strain of woe,
And make the song in mournful measure flow.

Sweet Shepherd, poison caus'd thy timeless death,
And stopt, for ever stopt, thy tuneful breath:
Nor did thy lip, with magic sweetness fraught,
To heav'nly nectar turn the venom'd draught:
Yet sure the Furies must have steel'd his heart
That could the deadly beverage impart,
Nor dropt the bowl by thee and music charm'd,
His savage soul of all its rage disarm'd.

Sicilian Muse, begin the strain of woe,
And make the song in mournful measure flow.

O ! may swift vengeance seize the traitor's soul;
More dreadful vengeance than the deadly bowl:
My hand is feeble to avenge thy wrong;
Accept, 'tis all I have, the pitying song.
Could I, like Orpheus or Alcides, go,
Or wise Ulysses, to the shades below,
To hear thy song, even thither I'd attend
Thy fleeting steps, thou dear, departed friend.
O ! pour to Proserpine thy magic strain !
For once she sported on Sicilia's plain;
The Doric song she lov'd, and sung by thee,
Sweet as the sounds that freed Euridice,
A like effect thy music shall obtain,
And give thee back to life and love again.
O ! that thy pipe my breath could learn to fill,
Or could I sing with half thy heav'nly skill,
To those dire regions fearless I'd descend,
Remain for ever there, or free my friend.

HORACE,

ODE 16*th*, BOOK 2*d*,

IMITATED.

" Otium Divos rogat in patenti
" Prensus Ægeo," &c.

WHEN clouds obscure the Queen of Night,
And veil from light her silver ray,
Nor lends one friendly star his light
To guide the vessel's wand'ring way,
Long tost upou the raging seas,
The wearied sailor prays for ease.

In war, the furious Thracian tried,
Inur'd to danger, toil, and pain,
The Median gay, in quiver'd pride,
Both, wish for ease and peace in vain;
Ease, which for purple, gems, or gold,
Ne'er was, or ever can be sold.

Not all the wealth of India's mine,
Not all the pomp or pride of pow'r,
Tho' every pageant should combine
To deck its bright but transient hour,
Can, from the gilded bed of state,
Banish the cares that haunt the great.

Better, and happier far, he fares
Whose plain, yet neat and wholesome board,
Spread with the produce of his cares,
Can health, content, and mirth afford;
No wish to gain, no fear to lose,
Disturb his peaceful soft repose.

Why then does enterprising Man,
So many schemes for fortune try?
Why risk life's short uncertain span
Beneath a foreign baleful sky?
Tho' through a thousand climes he roam,
Ne'er can he leave his cares at home.

The stoutest ship that braves the main,
With eager strides black Care ascends,
The swiftest troops that scour the plain
As swift, his ghastly form attends;
Fleet as the lightly-bounding Roe,
Or clouds when fiercest tempests blow.

Contented now, why should we care
What changes fleeting time may bring?
Let social pleasure heal despair,
And mirth each future moment wing,
Of each event still make the best,
For who was e'er completely blest?

Achilles warlike Greece's pride,
Died glorious on the bloody plain,
While Tython's age, a grave denied,
Long call'd on Death, but call'd in vain:
And Heaven perhaps may give to me
The days and years denied to thee.

A thousand flocks thy mountains feed,
A thousand herds thy verdant plains,
For thee loud neighs the foaming steed,
Obedient to the silken reins,
While purple, radiant as the morn,
With gold and gems thy robes adorn.

In humble cot, obscure to dwell,
To me my fate has Heav'n assign'd,
But bids the Muse my bosom swell
And freedom elevate my mind;
Inspiring both my heart and song
To scorn the base and vulgar throng.

HORACE,

ODE 2*d*, BOOK 5*th*,

IMITATED.

" *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," &c.

HAPPY the Man, who free from care and strife,
Possest of every joy contentment yields,
Like Man's primæval race, who leads his life
Amidst the labours of his native fields:

Who hears unmov'd the trumpet sound to war,
Or loudest tempests vex the angry main;
Who shuns the venal court and wrangling bar,
And those gay scenes where Vice and Folly reign.

Careful he tends his marriageable vines,
And weds their weakness to the Poplar's strength,
With healthier stocks the weakly shoot combines,
Its foliage crops, and prunes its useless length.

In the deep-winding vale he joyful sees
His lowing herds in health and safety roam,
Shears the soft sheep, and from the busy bees,
With tender hand removes the luscious comb.

When fruitful Autumn sheds his plenteous stores,
He culls the fairest fruits his garden yields;
The purple grape's nectarean juice he pours,
And calls the sylvan gods to guard his fields.

Beneath the ancient Oak's embowering shade,
From noonday's beam secure, he careless lies;
Or on the verdant bank, at evening laid,
Tastes the soft western breeze that cools the skies.

There, heard afar, hoarse murm'ring on the gale,
The torrent tumbling down the distant steep,
The stream that chiding wanders down the vale,
With sweetest songsters, soothes his soul to sleep.

When Summer's flow'rs, and Autumn's fruits are fled,
And hoary Winter turns his threat'ning face,
When Nature, robb'd of every grace, is dead,
He seeks the manly pleasures of the chace.

Soon as the earliest gleam of dawn appears,
Before her hour he wakes the slumb'ring morn;

With well-known voice the tuneful pack he cheers,
While Echo answers to his mellow horn.

He scours the plain, he climbs the mountain's height
For every game that Winter's storms afford,
While health, and sport, and exercise unite,
To give the relish, while they crown the board.

Who, 'midst such joys as these, would e'er repine
That the gay busy world he left behind?
Unnerv'd by love's fantastic passion whine,
Or to its weakness yield his manly mind?

But if a wife, dear partner of his heart,
With sympathising soul his fortune share,
If cheerful she perform *her* tender part
Among the infant objects of their care:

If she, against her weary lord's return,
Shall raise the well-dried wood in airy piles,
If she shall make the smiling hearth to burn,
And deck her matron face in sweeter smiles:

If she shall pen at ev'n her loaded ewes,
And drain the luscious stream with rosy hand;
If she shall press the grape's enliv'ning juice,
And on his board an unbought feast shall stand:

Not all the costly dainties that are sought
In farthest climes, to deck the pamper'd board,
Not all luxurious fancy ever thought,
Could to my taste an equal joy afford:

Not ortolans, nor India's turtle rare,
Have in my humble mind so great a charm,
As the plain meal domestic hands prepare
From fruits that deck, and flocks that graze my farm.

And, ah! what joy, 'midst such repast, to see
The well-fed flocks to the full fold repair,
The jolly plowman homeward tread the lea,
And wearied oxen trail th' inverted share:

Around the hearth, sure proof of wealth and peace,
A cheerful troop of healthy servants stand,
To see each day their health and peace increase,
And know it all the produce of his hand.

Thus spoke the miser ALPHEUS, fully bent
On rural joys, no more by business vext;
Call'd in *this* term, his utmost farthing lent,
And lent it out with 'vantage to the next.

THE EMIGRANT,*

AN ECLOGUE.

OCCASIONED BY THE LATE NUMEROUS EMIGRATIONS FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1773.

" *Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,*
" *Nos patriam fugimus.*" VIRG.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient Shepherd stood, opprest with woe,
And ey'd the Ocean's flood that foam'd below,
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride;

* " The Emigrant" is the only poem of Mr. E———'s that was ever before published. This Eclogue, as the subject is well known to have been by no means fictitious, reflects as much honour on the feelings of the Author as on his poetical powers: It was written (as were all his other productions selected for this Miscellany) at a very early period of life.

Editor.

Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before,
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.

His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him bleating, stray'd a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock;
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
And strove with many a trick to ease his care;
While o'er his furrowed cheek the salt drops ran,
He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began:—

"Farewell, Farewell! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough tho' thou be, yet still my native land;
Exiled from thee I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.
By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age,
That should e'er now have left life's bustling stage,
Is forced to brave the Ocean's boist'rous wave,
In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

"And must I leave thee then, my little cot,
Mine and my father's poor but happy lot,
Where I have pass'd in innocence away,
Year after year, till age has turn'd me grey?

" Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife !
'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons, three for their country died !
Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour but their scars ;
Yet live to see their Sire denied a grave,
In lands, his much lov'd children died to save.
Yet still in peace and safety did we live,
In peace and safety, more than wealth can give.
My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands,
Rear'd the scant produce of our niggar'd lands :
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd ;
No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.

" But ah ! sad change ! those blessed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety charm no more ;
Another lord now rules those wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains ;
Far, far from hence, he revels life away
In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.
The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Must now be riven by the tort'ring plough ;
And, 'spite of Nature, crops be taught to rise,
Which to these northern climes wise Heaven denies ;
In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,
We strive to earn the gold our lord demands ;

While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,
Await our failure as its certain doom.

" To shun these ills, that threat my hoary head,
I seek in foreign lands precarious bread:
Forc'd, tho' my helpless age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of banish'd felons to endure;
And all because these hands have vainly tried
To force from Art what Nature has denied,
Because my little all will not suffice
To pay the insatiate claims of avarice.

" In vain of richer climates I am told,
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold,
I am contented here; I ne'er have seen
A vale more fertile, or a hill more green;
Nor would I leave this sweet, tho' humble cot,
To share the richest monarch's splendid lot.
Oh! would to Heav'n th' alternative were mine,
Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
Soon would I choose; but ere to-morrow's sun
Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
I shall be robb'd, by what *they* justice call,
By legal ruffians, of my little all.
Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness, and grief,
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.

Then come, oh sad alternative to chuse!
Come banishment, I will no more refuse!
Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
Can add of horror to my suffering mind.
On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
No lord can be severer than my own.
Ev'n they who tear the limbs, and drink the gore
Of helpless strangers, what can they do more?

"For thee, insatiate chief, whose ruthless hand
For ever drives me from my native land,
For thee I leave no greater curse behind,
Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind;
Or, what were harder to a soul like thine,
To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

"For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale,
Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glows
With tend'rest feelings for his people's woes,
Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To ease your sorrow stretch the helping hand;
Else soon, too soon your hapless fate shall be,
Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.

"On you dear native land, from whence I part,
Rest the best blessings of a broken heart.

If, in some future hour, the foe should land
His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
May she not then th' alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.

" Feed on my Sheep! for, tho' deprived of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be;
For their own sakes shall pen your straggling flocks,
And guard your lamkins from the rav'ning fox.

" Feed on my Goats! another now shall drain
Your streams that heal disease and soften pain;
No stream, alas! can ever, ever flow,
To heal thy master's heart or soothe his woe.

" Feed on my flocks, ye harmless people feed,
The worst that ye can suffer is to bleed;
Oh! that the murd'ring steel were all my fear!
How fondly would I stay to perish here.
But hark! my sons loud call me from the vale!
And, lo, the vessel spreads her swelling sail;
Farewell! farewell!"—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And o'er his crook in silent sorrow hung;
Then, casting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT.

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, dying gently away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
On the fore-castle Marraton stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

"Ah wretch! in wild anguish he cried,
"From country and liberty torn,
"Ah Marraton! would thou hadst died,
"Ere o'er the salt wave thou wast borne.
"Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
"Love and Hope made my bosom their own,
"For I talk'd with my favourite maid,
"Nor dreamt of the sorrows to come.

" From the thicket the manhunter sprung,
" My cries echoed loud thro' the air,
" There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
" He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.
" Accurst be the merciless band
" That his love could from Marraton tear,
" And blasted this impotent hand,
" That was sever'd from all I held dear.

" Flow ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
" Still let sleep from my eyelids depart;
" And still may the arrows of woe
" Drink deep of the streams of my heart.
" But hark! on the silence of night,
" My Addela's accents I hear,
" And mournful beneath the wan light,
" I see her loved image appear.

" Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
" Like the gleam that hangs light on the wave;
" And fondly her lover she chides
" That lingers so long from his grave.
" Ah Marraton! haste ye! she cries,
" Here the reign of Oppression is o'er,
" Here the tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
" And Addela sorrows no more.

" Now sinking amid the dim ray,
" Her form seem'd to fade on my view ;
" O stay thee ! my Addela, stay !
" She beckons, and I must pursue.
" To-morrow the white-man in vain
" Shall proudly account me his slave ;
" My shackles I plunge in the main,
" And rush to the realms of the brave."

WRITTEN IN 1788.

O'ER the vine cover'd hills and fair valleys of France,
  See the day-star of Liberty rise,
Through clouds of detraction unwearied advance,
  And hold its new course in the skies.
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
  All Europe with wonder surveys,
And from desarts of darkness, and dungeons of night,
  Contends for a share in the blaze.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendor retire,
  A splendor too strong for his eyes;
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
  Entrapt in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall phrenzy and sophistry hope to prevail
  When reason opposes her weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
  And the balance *yet trembles* with fate?

Ah! who 'mid the darkness of night would abide
That can taste the sweet breezes of morn?
And who that has drank of the chrystalline tide,
To the feculent flood would return?
When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart meets,
Ah! who would the transport decline?
And who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets
The prize—but with life—would resign?

But 'tis over, high Heav'n the decision approves,
Oppression has struggled in vain;
To the Hell she had formed, Superstition removes,
And Tyranny gnaws her own chain.
In the records of Time a new æra unfolds,
All Nature exults in the birth,
His creation, benign, the Creator beholds,
And gives a new charter to earth.

O, catch its high import ye winds as ye blow!
O, bear it ye waves as ye roll!
From the Nations that feel the Sun's vertical glow,
To the farthest extremes of the Pole.
Equal rights, equal laws to the Nations around,
Peace and friendship its precepts impart;
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decree on his heart.

WRITTEN IN 1789.

UNFOLD, father Time, thy long records unfold,
Of noble achievements accomplished of old ;
When men, by the standard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquer'd, or cheerfully bled.
But know, 'mid the triumphs these moments reveal,
Their glories shall fade, and their lustre turn pale ;
Whilst France rises up, and confirms the decree,
That bids millions rejoice, and a Nation be free.

As Spring to the fields, or as dew to the flow'r,
To the Earth parch'd with heat as the soft dropping show'r,
As health to the wretch who lies languid and wan,
Or as rest to the weary—is Freedom to man.
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only he revels, there only he lives.
Seize then the glad moment, and hail the decree
That bids millions rejoice, and a Nation be free.

France! we share in the rapture thy bosom that fills,
Whilst the spirit of Liberty bounds o'er thine hills;
Redundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive trees
grow.
For thy brows may the hand of Philosophy twine,
Blest emblems, the Myrtle, the Olive and Vine;
And Heav'n, thro' all ages, confirm the decree,
That tears off thy chains, and bids millions be free.

THE DIRGE OF BELGIUM,

OCTOBER 1799.

AN ODE.

HEARD you the strain from yonder sky
On Albion burst in choral majesty?
  See his throne great Ocean leave;
    The deities, who round him wait,
    Attendant on his state;
  The firm earth shakes, the billows heave;
And from the deep Tritonian shell
Slow, solemn-breathing notes o'er Belgium pause
    and swell!

  From thy awful rock serene,
    Holy FREEDOM, hear and bend;
  Thine the heroes, thine the scene,
    Thine the cause; great Pow'r descend:
  On raven plumes, involving all,
  Brooding Death unfolds the pall!

'Tis not Superstition's groan,
Frantic yell, or sullen moan;
Philip's gloom and Alva's frown,
Call thy righteous vengeance down;
Godless monsters stalk around:
Hear, and guard this fated ground.

Lo! beyond the eastern gate,
Britain bold confirms thy state;
By Aurora's earliest beam,
By the proud and mystic stream,
O'er the prostrate tyrant's* sway
India hails thy opening day.

See, arous'd in Virtue's cause,
Sacred rights and equal laws,
Armed nations pour the pray'r:
Bid the avenging Eagle bear
Thy thunders from the realms of Paul:
Rise, and crush the monster Gaul!

By Andraste's radiant throne,
By the sphere and wizard stone,
By old Mador's Druid lyre,
Struck with more than Grecian fire,

---

* Tippoo Saib.

Thy words of potency infuse,
Breathing o'er the patriot Muse.

Ling'ring on the Belgian shore,
Hallow'd tears see Albion pour
O'er the grave where warriors sleep,
Victors of the subject deep;
There Honour, Virtue, Justice mourn,
Clasping sad their rostral urn.

Holy goddess, hear and spare;
Give thy chosen heroes rest;
Though steep'd in crimson streams of war,
Soon be the sword in Olive drest.
Valour triumphs;—yet they die!
Lift the recording tablet high,
And hail the champion sons of Truth and Liberty.

ROUSSEAU'S TOMB

AT

ERMENONVILLE.

In yon isle, where the wings of silence seem
To hover o'er the circling stream,
The relics of departed genius sleep!
Assembled there, the maids
Who love the favourite shades,
Pale as the Poplar, shall in anguish weep.

Fled are the visions of romance!
No more to wake the dance,
Float airy warblings from the lute of Love,
While viewless pow'rs around,
Charm'd by the sylvan sound,
Scatter with many a simple sweet the grove.

Ye Poplars that delight to wave
Your boughs o'er yonder grave,
Such as of ancient days your amber shed,

Let sweets from all the vale,
Come wafted on the gale,
So fragrant sorrows shall embalm the dead.

But, lo! with blushing field flowers strung
Her golden locks among,
On Rousseau's tomb reclin'd, a female form,
Behold the lucid tear
Thro' her green veil appear,
That shook by sighs betrays the wild alarm.

'Tis Fancy! thus near Avon's tide
Her rude wreaths scatter'd wide,
Such artless charms arrest the pensive eye;
There oft her strains of woe
For her own poet flow,
And sweetly on the trembling zephyr die.

Amid' these fairy scenes awhile,
Elysium's lovely isle,
O Fancy! shall thy wand'ring steps delay:
And Wit, whose various gems
That share each other's beams,
In cold collision glance a fainter ray.

But ah! the Muse beholds with sighs
Fantastic forms arise,
With air grotesque, in motley garments drest,

The wizard passions wild,
And Frenzy's favourite child
Caprice, oft wavering her Camelion vest.

Yet here while float these antic forms
To mar Elysium's charms,
Each image *Candour's* sober eye surveys;
She knows how GENIUS fires
The soul with wild desires,
And flings o'er Virtue's self th' eccentric blaze.

Inspir'd with fairer, lovelier views,
The solitary muse
Marks Ermenonville's melancholy shade,
Where oft her loved Rousseau
With pensive step and slow
Join'd sweet Simplicity, his favourite maid;

And on that hour her thoughts shall dwell,
When, Oh! with long farewell,
Sudden his gentle spirit sought the sky.
Ah! then was heard a wail
O'er Ermenonville's dale,
Then glow'd the pearly drops in Nature's eye.

Near yonder spot their off'rings join,
At Nature's holy shrine,
The smiling babes of Innocence and Love!

The hand of Friendship gave
To deck the sylvan grave,
All that can Fancy fire, or Pity move.

Each morn shall breathe her softest breeze
Amid' th' embowering trees,
Where Rousseau's dim stone glimmers thro' the scene;
The sod that wraps his clay,
Shall blush each orient day,
Shed fairer sweets, and catch a brighter green:

And Venus' solitary star
Shall love to hover near,
While in mysterious silence sleep the streams;
And there with transient glow
The western Sun shall throw
The last faint blushes of his evening beams.

ODE

TO

THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year;
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine!
I hail the goddess for her scarlet flow'r.
Thou brilliant weed
That dost so far exceed
The richest gift gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I pass'd thee in Life's morning hour
(Thou comforter of woe)
'Till Sorrow taught me to confess thy pow'r.
In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love;

The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd,
But Love, and Joy, and all their train are flow'n,
And I will sing of thee alone ;
Unless perchance the attributes of grief,
The Cypress bud and Willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom ! thou can'st ease
The wretched victims of disease ;
Can'st close those weary eyes in gentle sleep
Which never open but to weep;
For, Oh ! thy potent charm
Can agonizing pain disarm ;
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.
Soul-soothing plant ! that can'st such blessings give,
By thee the mourner bears to live,
By thee the wretched die !
Oh ! ever friendly to despair,
Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime that remedy implore
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more !
No more I'd sue that thou should'st spread
Thy spell around my aching head,

But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And by thy soft Lethean pow'r
(Inestimable flow'r)
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

LUCY'S GIFT.

" I CHECK'D my sighs," Antonio cried,
At noon reclin'd the stream beside;
" A lighter heart my bosom knew,
" When last I bade my love adieu!

" For she with soften'd smile declar'd,
" A gift for me that she prepar'd,
" And, ere the closing week should end,
" She vow'd the promis'd gift to send.

" I mark'd the evening leave the skies,
" The night retire, the Sun arise,
" And pleas'd I cried—a joyless day,
" A tedious night, are worn away!

" Less dull, tho' sadden'd, was the morn,
" Cheerless the day, tho' less forlorn;
" At night, with heart consol'd, I thought
" That Lucy's gift to-morrow brought.

" Morn, noon, and evening circled round,
" But I no gift from Lucy found;
" Another day my hopes deceiv'd,
" No gift from Lucy was receiv'd.

" Rise! loitering Sun, and let me see
" The gift that Lucy sends to me;
" He rose, and ting'd the western main,
" For Lucy's gift I look'd in vain.

" Cease tuneful Lark, at morn I cried,
" Thy matin song will Lucy chide;
" Another day—ah! thoughtless maid!
" Why Lucy is thy gift delay'd?

" Soothe Nightingale, with plaintive strain,
" At eve I cried—a lover's pain,
" How long must thus my hopes attend?
" She means not sure the gift to send!

" Another day, another night,
" No gift receiv'd—the changeful light
" Of Cynthia fair I sigh'd to view,
" For love I found was changeful too.

" But yesterday, these Willows near,
" I mourn'd a fondness too sincere;

" No gift was come to tell my mind
" That Lucy's heart was not unkind.

" And now beneath the noontide beam,
" Again I watch the passing stream;
" So passes love, I well may cry—
" In vain for Lucy's gift I sigh."

Cease hapless youth! nor let thy tongue
On Lucy's faith this charge prolong:
Nor thoughtless, nor unkind the maid
That has so long her gift delay'd.

Who ever shall the truth impart;
Or tell thy fond, thy breaking heart,
That cold and lifeless is the maid
That has so long her gift delay'd.

THE DREAM.

To Mrs. ———, in a dangerous illness.

Dread Dream! that hovering in the midnight air,
Clasp'd with thy dusky wings my aching head;
While to Imagination's startled ear,
Toll'd the slow bell for bright Eliza dead.

Stretch'd on her sable bier, the grave beside,
A snow-white shroud her breathless bosom bound,
O'er her wan brow its gather'd folds were tied,
And loves and graces hung their garlands round.

From those closed lips did softest accents flow?
Round that pale mouth the sweetest dimples play?
On this dull cheek the rose of beauty blow?
And these dim eyes diffuse celestial day?

Did this closed hand unasking want relieve,
Or wake the lyre to every rapturous sound?
How sad for other's woe this breast would heave,
How light that heart for other's transport bound!

Beats not the bell again! heavens do I wake!
Why heave my sighs, and gush my tears anew?
Unreal forms my frantic doubts mistake,
And trembling Fancy fears the vision true.

Dream! to Eliza bend thy airy flight,
Go tell my charmer all my tender fears;
How love's fond woes alarm the silent night,
And steep my pillow with unpitied tears.

ODE

TO

*THE RIVER DARWENT**.

DARWENT! what scenes thy wandering waves behold,
As bursting from their hundred springs they stray,
And down the vales in sounding torrents roll'd
Seek to the shining east their mazy way.

Here, dusky Alders leaning from the cliff
Dip their long arms, and wave their branches wide;
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White Moon-beams tremble on thy foaming tide.

Flow on ye waves! where drest in gorgeous pride
Fair Chatsworth beams amid' her roseate bow'rs,
Spreads her smooth lawns along your willowy side,
And crests your woodlands with her gilded tow'rs.

* Written near the source of the river Darwent, in the wilds of the Peak in Derbyshire.

Flow on ye waves! where Nature's wildest child
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,
Rock rear'd on rock, on mountain mountain pil'd,
Old Matlock sits, and shakes his crown of woods.

But when proud Derby's glittering spires ye view,
Where his gay meads your sparkling currents drink,
Oh! should Eliza press the morning dew,
And bend her graceful footsteps to your brink.

Uncurl your eddies, all your gales confine,
And as your scaly myriads gaze around,
Bid your gay nymphs pourtray, with pencil fine,
Her angel form upon your silver ground.

With playful malice from her kindling cheeks
Steal the warm blush, and tinge your passing stream,
Mock the sweet transient dimple as she speaks,
And, as she turns her eye, reflect the beam.

And tell her, Darwent, as you murmur by,
How in these wilds with hopeless love I burn,
Teach your lone vales and echoing caves to sigh,
And mix my briny sorrows in your urn.

THE RETROSPECT.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind,
The joys that are fled, and the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans on the ear.

Thro' the gay scenes of youth the remembrancer strays,
'Till Mem'ry steps back on past pleasures to gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghosts of each day.

Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye,
The soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy;
Few souls are prepar'd for a right so divine,
When the feelings alone sacrifice to the shrine.

LINES

TO

A FRIEND,

WHO HAD RECOMMENDED THE PRECEPTS OF THE STOIC SCHOOL TO THE AUTHOR'S ADOPTION.

HENCE with the Stoic lore! whose frigid art
Would chill the gen'rous feelings of the soul,
Forbid kind Sympathy's responsive smart,
Or check the tear of rapture ere it roll.

Still with its joys and woes, a changeful train!
Fair Sensibility be ever mine,
Th' alternate throb of pleasure or of pain,
And all that love and friendship can combine.

LESBIA'S HARP.

(The Idea taken from the Italian of Metastasio.)*

COME, object of my fav'rite care,
My tuneful harp, with thy sweet air
Come to relieve my aching breast,
And soothe my love-sick mind to rest.
Agent of soul-subduing sound!
In thy fair frame what spell is found,
Ah! say by what delightful art,
Thou mov'st those chords that touch the heart!
Check'd are the sighs of wasting care,
And quell'd the murmurs of despair,

* " Quella Cetra, ah! pur tu sei
" Che addolcì gli affanni miei;
" Che d'ogni alma a suo talento,
" D'ogni cor la via s'aprì.
" Ah! sei tu, tu sei pur quella
" Che nel sen della mia bella
" Tante volte, io lo rammento,
" La fierezza intenerì. ————

METAST. CANT. III.

Wild Passion's jarring tribe obey,
And coldest bosoms own thy sway.

Ev'n Lucio lends a kinder ear,
And deigns my artless lays to hear,
Whene'er my timid hopes I sing,
And tune to Love the trembling string.
Flow then my numbers, smoothly flow,
Bid him with mutual ardor glow;
Wake every pulse that throbb'd for me
To all the wonted sympathy.
Reclaim his fickle, thoughtless mind,
To vain pursuits and joys inclin'd;
Restore each wish to my controul,
Touch with soft skill his yielding soul;
To him my inmost thoughts impart,
Breathe the soft dictates of my heart;
For him I live, and him alone,
Ah! make him once again my own.

The slender frame by angels plann'd,
It rings—responsive to my hand!
In tend'rest notes it wafts my pain,
Nor shall the song be pour'd in vain
If Lucio's smiles approve the air,
And grateful love reward my care.

TO HENRY FUSELI, R. A,

ON

HIS SERIES OF PICTURES FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON.

Spirit of him who wing'd his daring flight
Tow'rds the pure confines of primæval light,
Say, whilst this nether world thy powers confin'd,
Weak child of dust, frail offspring of mankind,
Thy station'd barrier this terrestrial mound,
Th' incumbent vault of heav'n thine upward bound,
Thy means the common energies of man,
Thy life a shadow, and thy years a span,
How could'st thou, struggling with opposing fate,
Burst thro' the limits of this mortal state?
Thence, soaring high, pursue, with steadfast gaze,
The opening wonders of th' empyreal blaze,
Where countless Seraphs pour, in burning zone,
Concent'ring glories round th' eternal throne?
Or hear, and hearing live, the dread alarms
Of heavenly war, and cherubim in arms;

See in the abyss the proud apostate hurl'd,
And, rising into light, the infant world?

Fav'rite of Heav'n! 'twas thine on mortal eyes
To pour these visions, rich with rainbow dyes,
Peopling the void of space with forms unseen,
Rising from being, to what might have been!
And breathes not *He* a portion of thy fire,
Who "bids the pencil answer to the lyre;"
Marks the bright phantoms at the proudest height,
And with determin'd hand arrests their flight;
Bids shadowy forms substantial shape assume,
And heav'n's own hues in mortal labours bloom?
For toils like these, whate'er the meed divine,
That glorious meed, my Fuseli, is thine,
Who first to truth's embodied fulness wrought
The glowing outline of the Poet's thought.

Artist sublime! whose pencil knows to trace
The early wonders of thy kindred race!
Not thine to search th' historian's scanty page,
The brief memorial of a fleeting age;
Not thine to call, from time's surrounding gloom,
High deeds of cultur'd Greece or conquering Rome;
Not thine, with temporary themes to move,
Of hope, aversion, pity, rage, or love.

Beyond whate'er the drama's powers can tell,
Beyond the epic's high impetuous swell,
Alike by clime and ages unconfin'd,
Thou strik'st the chords that vibrate on mankind;
Op'st the dread scenes that heav'n suspensive ey'd,
A world created, or a world destroy'd;
Recall'st the joys of Eden's happier prime,
Whilst life was yet unconscious of a crime.
Whilst Virtue's self could Passion's glow approve,
And Beauty slumber'd in the arms of Love;
Till, dread reverse! on Man's devoted race
Th' insidious Serpent work'd the dire disgrace.
Then first, whilst Nature shudder'd with affright,
Of Sin and Death was held th' incestuous rite,
Then first o'er vanquish'd man began their reign,
The fiends of Woe, the family of Pain:
Disease the poison'd cup of anguish fills,
And opes the lazar-house of human ills.
See Frenzy rushes from his burning bed,
See pining Atrophy declines his head,
See mute Despair, that broods on woes unknown,
And Melancholy gaze herself to stone!

Then, pouring forth from Hell's detested bound,
Revenge, and Fraud, and Murder, stalk around;
'Till op'ning skies declare th' avenging God,
And Mercy sleeps, whilst Justice waves the rod.

Yet, whilst the bursting deluge from the earth
Sweeps the rebellious brood of giant birth,
One proud survivor rolls his vengeful eyes,
And with last look the Living God defies.

But now the waves their silent station keep,
And Vengeance slumbers o'er the mighty deep;
Again rejoicing o'er the firm fix'd land
The favour'd Patriarch leads his household band;
With sacred incense bids his altars blaze,
And pours to God the living song of praise.

Thus as th' immortal bard his flight explores,
On kindred wing the daring artist soars,
Undazzled shares with him heav'n's brightest glow,
Or penetrates the boundless depths below;
Or on the sloping sun-beam joys to ride,
Or sails amidst the uncreated void;
Imbibes a portion of his sacred flame,
Reflects his genius, and partakes his fame.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED

AT THE LIVERPOOL THEATRE,

BY MR. HOLMAN,

WHEN A FREE BENEFIT WAS GIVEN TO

THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE MR. J. PALMER, COMEDIAN;

WHO DIED SUDDENLY, A FEW DAYS BEFORE, ON THAT STAGE,

WHILE PERFORMING THE PART OF "THE STRANGER."

YE airy Sprites, who—oft as Fancy calls,—
Sport 'midst the precincts of these haunted walls;
Light forms, that float in Mirth's tumultuous throng,
And frolic dance, and revelry, and song;
Fold your gay wings, repress your wonted fire,
And from your fav'rite seats awhile retire!
And thou, whose pow'rs sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs that move the human heart
With change alternate; at whose magic call
The swelling tides of passion rise or fall—
Thou, too, withdraw; for 'midst thy lov'd abode,
With step more stern, a mightier pow'r has trode:

Here, on this spot, to every eye confest,
Enrob'd with terrors stood the kingly guest;
Here, on this spot, Death wav'd th' unerring dart,
And struck—his noblest prize—an honest heart!

What wond'rous links the human feelings bind!
How strong the secret sympathies of mind!
As Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope, or fear, rejoice, detest, or love:
Nor heaves the sigh for selfish woes alone;
Congenial sorrows mingle with our own:
Hence, as the Poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul;
And, whilst his pulse concordant measure keeps,
He smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
But, ah lamented shade! not thine to know
The anguish only of imagin'd woe!
Destin'd o'er life's substantial ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn!
Then, whilst thy bosom, lab'ring with its grief,
From fabled sorrows sought a short relief,
The fancied woes, too true to Nature's tone,
Burst the slight barrier, and became thy own;
In mingled tides the swelling passions ran,
Absorb'd the Actor, and o'erwhelm'd the Man!
Martyr of Sympathy, more sadly true,
Than ever Fancy feign'd, or Poet drew!

Say, why, by Heav'n's acknowledg'd hand imprest,
Such keen sensations actuate all the breast?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?
Why lingers Hope around the silent dead?
Why spurns the spirit its encumb'ring clay,
And longs to soar to happier realms away?
Does Heav'n, unjust, the fond desire instill
To add to mortal woes another ill?
Is there, thro' all the intellectual frame,
No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream,
Or, in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
Inspires the secret wish—once more to meet?
There is; for not by more determin'd laws
The sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
Than the free'd spirit acts, with strong controul,
On its responsive sympathies of soul;
And tells, in characters of truth unfurl'd,
"*There is another, and a better world**!"

Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,
For human woes a human tear will fall:

---

* In repeating these remarkable words, Mr. Palmer fell: they were the last he was able to pronounce! His domestic sorrows, under the pressure of which he had for some time languished, were believed to have shortened his days. *Editor.*

Blest be that tear—who gives it, doubly blest—
That heals with balm the orphan's wounded breast!
Not all that breathes in morning's genial dew,
Revives the parent plant where once it grew;
Yet may those dews with timely nurture aid
The infant flow'rets drooping in the shade;
Whilst long experienc'd worth and manners mild—
A father's merits—still protect his child!

EPILOGUE

TO

THE STRANGER,

SPOKEN AT THE EDINBURGH THEATRE, BY MRS. KEMBLE, IN THE CHARACTER OF AD'ELAID.

Escap'd the arms of my forgiving spouse,
To you I offer now my grateful vows;
I bring no flippant Epilogue to dry
The kind emotions that still cloud your eye,
Nor unreluctant would so soon displace
That lovely sadness for the dimple's grace.
Closed is the scene, Adèlaid's trials o'er,
Unreal griefs your pity court no more;
But ere to night the Moral Muse retires,
She prompts th' address which zealous truth inspires.

O! ye whose sympathising looks disclose
Your generous feelings for a Sister's woes;

Ere yet the tear is check'd, the sigh repress,
Let HER sad tale instruct your artless breast;
While on your cheek the rose of beauty blows,
While youth's warm tide in madd'ning currents flows,
While adoration's incense fills your ear,
And suppliant lovers swear it all sincere,
Let prudence teach your cautious hearts to scan
The false allurements of betraying man.
Ah! steel your souls 'gainst Love's insidious guise,
Guard well each sense ere Passion's voice surprize,
Lest sharp remorse your gentle bosoms tear,
And yield *the Shrine of Love* to sad despair!
For, should fair Innocence, in luckless hour,
By folly urged, forego her spotless pow'r,
Tho' long repentance expiate the crime,
And keen regrets consume the mourner's prime,
Ev'n should offended honor, faith betray'd,
Forbear the wounded suff'rer to upbraid,
No tears can wash the guilty stains away,
Or sullied fame resume its pure array;
Conscience still bleeds, while sympathy relieves,
And even kindness STABS AS IT FORGIVES.

You, to whom Heav'n consign'd the sacred pow'r,
And bade you cherish beauty's tender flow'r,

Be your's the task to mould our softer soul,
And guide our weakness with your mild control;
O still afford us, when the danger's nigh,
Your tender counsels, your protecting eye!
For, trust me, to repel a rival's art,
Your best security's a grateful heart,
And while temptation beckons, vice alarms,
Our safest citadel's—a Husband's arms.

Thus would our Muse dispense her counsels sage,
Ere she resign, to gayer scenes, the stage,
And, now her monitory mission's o'er,
Say, will her STRANGER be receiv'd once more?

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

" Nimium ne crede colori
" Alba ligustra cadunt, Vaccinia nigra leguntur."
VIRG.

No more of Love's enchanting joys I sing,
No more my mind on Fancy's pinion flies,
But to that dreary dwelling stoops her wing,
Where, in Death's icy arms, Cleora lies.

Attend the lay, ye gay and beauteous train
Who careless flaunt where late Cleora shone,
Read in her early fate such charms how vain,
Nor joy to call the fading gifts your own.

Fond was the care with which her youth was rear'd,
Joyful her parents saw their blossom blow,
Each day some virtue, or some grace appear'd,
Ah! little thought they of the coming woe.

With pride they show'd th' admiring world their
child,
Whose faultless mind might awe detraction's
breath,
In whose bright eye resistless sweetness smil'd,
But, ah! what smile can soothe the tyrant Death?

Cleora's cheek the rosy tincture leaves,
Her swimming eye the lively lustre flies;
With keenest pangs her gentle bosom heaves,
Heav'n claims its own, the beauteous suff'rer dies.

Ah! what avails it, sister beauties, say,
To shine the fairest of the youthful throng,
To win the brave, the witty, and the gay,
Touch the soft string, or pour the melting song?

Will charms like these avert the stroke of Death,
Assuage his pangs, or chase his loathsome gloom?
Will they one hour survive your parting breath,
Or cheer the dreary mansions of the tomb?

Ah, No!—'tis virtue, innocence, and truth,
That draw the tear sincere from Pity's eye,
Strike the cold heart of age, warn thoughtless youth,
And call from friendship's breast the bursting sigh.

For such, Cleora's sorrowing sister weeps,
A mother's bleeding bosom knows no rest,
A lover, by her grave sad vigils keeps,
And clasps the marble to his aching breast.

Attend, AMANDA, to my mournful Muse,
Oft have her gayer hours thy praises sung,)
Nor to Cleora's bier a sigh refuse,
Tears from the coldest hearts her fate has wrung

And while we mark where that once envied form
In the cold earth is lodg'd, to worms a prey,
Hark! a faint voice along the midnight storm
Comes from her narrow house, and seems to say,

" In beauty's earliest bloom, by Death o'erthrown,
" Life's fairy, flatt'ring prospect full in view,
" Youth's blossom wither'd ere the flow'r was blown,
" Sudden I bade the world's vain joys adieu!

" Ah! trust to one whom Heav'n itself has taught,
" Vain, vain is beauty, and its fading joy;
" And vainer they, who by its witchcraft caught,
" Fix their fond fancy on the worthless toy.

" Behold yon' nymph in conscious charms so vain,
" Who smiles alike on all the flatt'ring throng,

" The praise of fools is all she strives to gain,
" For this she leads the dance, and strains the song.

" 'Tis not the smile serene of wit and sense
" That in her studied glance and dimple dwells,
" But the loud laugh at decency's expence,
" Without a cause her giddy bosom swells.

" The sigh sincere of faithful love she slights,
" No spark of gen'rous friendship fires her breast,
" There levity each finer feeling blights,
" And bids her live—unblessing, and unblest.

" But Folly's gaudy Summer soon shall end,
" Time's wint'ry blast her fruitless flow'rs shall shed;
" Nor shall she find a lover or a friend
" To court her living, or to weep her dead.

" While the soft maid within whose bosom lives
" The soul of friendship, and of love sincere,
" Shall prove those joys which only virtue gives,
" And taste that bliss for which Heav'n form'd her here.

" The tender friend whose woes she kindly mourn'd,
" Shall weep her loss, when life's gay scenes are flown,

" The manly breast, whose love she fond return'd,
" Shall heave those sighs to passion due alone.

" And when with me a dwelling she shall have,
" On each sad heart she leaves, with grief opprest,
" Fond mem'ry shall her epitaph engrave,
" And fix her name in every virtuous breast."

THE PASSAGE

OF THE

MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

TO MY CHILDREN.

YE Plains where three-fold harvests press the ground,
Ye Climes where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—Italy farewell!

Still may thy year in fullest splendor shine!
Its icy darts in vain may Winter throw!
To thee a Parent, Sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,
And thro' their craggy steeps delighted roam;
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,
Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesino* madly flows,
From cliff to cliff, in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores, neat huts and verdant pastures fill,
And hills, where woods of Pine the storm defy
While, scorning vegetation, higher still
Rise the bare rocks co-eval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'er-hung, my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence by gentle pace and slow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest,
Sudden, supported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

'Midst tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,
Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems—Helvetia let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

---

* The Tesino takes its rise not far from the summit of St. Gothard, and joins the Po near Pavia.

No haunt of Men the weary trav'ller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the flow'ret breathes uncultur'd sweets,
Save where the patient Monk receives the poor*.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not these wilds with listless step be trod,
Here Fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here Charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food, and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For whilst bleak Winter numbs with chilling hand,
Where frequent crosses† mark the trav'ller's fate,
In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent bends, where tott'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted snow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to display:

---

* There is a small convent at the top of the mountain, where two monks reside, who are obliged to receive and entertain the poor traveller that passes that way.

† Where any lives have been lost from the falls of snow, a small cross is erected.

Here Adularia shines with vivid glow,
And gems of chrystal sparkle to the day.

Here too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five silver lakes*, in tranquil state are seen;
While from their waters, many a stream we trace,
That, scap'd from bondage, roll the rocks between.

Here flows the Reuss to seek her wedded love,
And with the Rhine, Germanic climes explore;
Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,
For steep on steep, in rude confusion rose†;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain,
That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread;

---

* The Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, the Tesino, and the Reuss, all rise in the mountain of St. Gothard:

The Reuss unites with the Aar, beyond the Lake of Constance, and with them falls into the Rhine.

† The Valley of Ursera, celebrated for its fertility and verdure, and the placid manner in which the Reuss traverses it.

Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale! whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,
Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life! where some bright hours are found,
Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Delv'd thro' the rock, the secret passage bends,
Majestic horrors strike the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendant bridge the stream descends
Calm—'till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and throws its glittering spray.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail,
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy meads,
The neat tho' wooden hamlets deck the vale,
And Altorf's spires recal heroic deeds.

But tho' no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain;

The flock's returning to its welcome home,
And the wild carrol of the cow-herd's strain*.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shews,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves inclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stands,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by laws restrain'd.

---

* The "Rans des Vaches," sung by the Swiss cow-herds, is a simple melody, intermixed with the cry which they use to call the cows together.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way;
And well earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell Helvetia! from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy valleys oft the raptur'd bosom seek;
There, Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on every cheek.

Hope of my Life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more, oh transport! reach its home and you.

INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN ON

AN HERMITAGE

IN ONE OF THE

ISLANDS OF THE WEST-INDIES*.

WITHIN this rural cot I rest,
With Solitude to calm my breast;
And while beneath th' umbrageous bow'r
Content beguiles each roseate hour,
And while with Anna oft I rove
Soft friendship's mutual sweets to prove,
I scorn the pageants of the great,
Nor envy pow'r and empty state.

No thoughtless mortals e'er invade
The sacred limits of this glade;

* The Author was then but sixteen.

No busy footsteps here are seen
To print the flow'r-enamell'd green;
But far remote from pomp and noise
No care my happiness destroys;
Save when the lov'd idea reigns
Of distant *Albion's* blissful plains,
Far, far remov'd, perhaps no more
Destin'd to hail my natal shore:
(Perhaps Horatio, thy dear form
No more these languid eyes may charm,
No more this faithful bosom warm!)

Here, safe in this sequester'd vale,
The stock-doves pour their tender tale;
Here too the peaceful Halcyons rest,
And weave secure their downy nest;
Or sportive now, on azure wing,
Flutter in many an aëry ring;
Expanding, gorgeous, as they fly,
Their sapphire plumage to the sky.

Soon as Aurora wakes the dawn,
I press with nimble feet the lawn,
Eager to deck the favourite bow'r
With every opening bud and flow'r,
Explore each shrub and balmy sweet
To scatter o'er my mossy seat,

And teach around in wreathes to stray
The rich Pomegranate's pliant spray.

At noon, reclin'd in yonder glade,
Panting beneath the Tamarind's shade,
Or where the Palm-tree's nodding head
Guards from the Sun my verdant bed,
I quaff, to slake my thirsty soul,
The Coco's full nectareous bowl.

At eve, beneath some spreading tree,
I read th' inspired Poesie
Of Milton, Pope, or Spencer mild,
And Shakespear, Fancy's brightest child:
To tender Sterne I lend an ear,
Or drop o'er Héloise the tear;
Sometimes with Anna tune the lay,
And close in song the chearful day.

'Tis thus the circling year is spent
In harmony and sweet content,
And when (*should* Fortune so ordain)
I view my native realms again,
I'll ne'er forget the tranquil hours
I spent in India's spicy bow'rs,
Nor e'en prefer the World's great Stage
To this sequester'd Hermitage.

ANSWER

TO

MRS. N———'S QUESTION,

" WHAT IS GRACE?"

WHILE round her lips the Loves and Graces play'd—
Why am I graceful? sweet Aspasia said;
And " What is Grace," whose secret spell can bind
Harmonious magic o'er the raptur'd mind?
Where does the denizen of air reside,
And to what beauties is her pow'r applied?
What, what attraction to a woman brings
This sylph, this fairy with enamell'd wings?
Thus Strephon answer'd—" Grace, O beauteous dame!
That child of heaven, illumes your lovely frame;
'Tis in your cheeks, whose blended tints unite
The two contending roses, red and white;
'Tis in your lips, with vermeil perfume prest
It ranges lovely in your snowy breast;

'Tis Grace, that breathing sweetly in each sigh,
Speaks in your voice, and lightens in your eye.
'Tis all in all, it circles you around,
In every look, in every word 'tis found.

O thou! by Nature exquisitely plann'd,
Who came perfection from her lab'ring hand,
Deem nought amiss of him whose artless muse
These her best gifts not undelighted views;
But on his tuneless reed and simple toil
Propitious look, and trust him with a smile;
So shall his lawns, tho' parched by Summer's heat,
Revive when trodden by Aspasia's feet;
So shall his flow'rets with fresh fragrance blow,
His lilies whiten, and his roses glow;
And once again his rustic song shall tell
What Grace, what beauties in Aspasia dwell!

TO MISS ——,

ON

HER MARRIAGE.

While to Hymen's gay seasons belong
  Light airs and the raptures of youth,
O listen to one sober song!
  O listen, fair Stella, to truth!

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
  To the soft serenade of your bow'r,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
  To his vigils in midnight's still hour,

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,
  To your smiles chacing every care,
To the pow'r of your eye's lively languish,
  To each glance, waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in heaven
  Dipt the pencil to picture your praise;
And blended the colours of even,
  With morning's gay opening rays.

They no longer, oh Thames, shall proclaim you
  A Naiad new sprung from the flood;
Or to Bushy's soft echoes, shall name you
  Bright Dian the Queen of the Wood.

Farewell to Love's various season,
  Smiling days hung with tempest and light;
But welcome the reign of fair Reason,
  Oh! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome in Nature's own dress
  Purest pleasure of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
  And redeem fortune's wrongs on Mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
  From Plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of sorrow,
  To cheer the meek eye of the poor.

While your virtues shall mix with the skies,
  When your beauty, bright Phœnix, decays:

From your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air,
Every virtue deriv'd from your blood,
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
Shall remember that Stella was good.

LINES BY Mr. ———,

OF WHOM IT HAD BEEN REMARKED
THAT HE HAD VIEWED THE REMAINS OF A MUCH-LOVED AND DEEPLY LAMENTED WIFE WITHOUT SHEDDING A TEAR.

What rugged rock its lucid store retains?
Deep run the rivers that are smooth and slow;
Long in each softer mould the rill remains;
And late the tear that springs from real woe.

Oh! while intensely agonized I stood,
And Memory gave her beauteous form a sigh,
The pang, deep throbbing in the breast's warm flood,
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the eye.

LINES *

FOUND IN A BOWER FACING THE SOUTH.

Soft cherub of the Southern breeze,
Oh ! thou whose voice I love to hear,
When lingering thro' the rustling trees,
With lengthen'd sighs it soothes mine ear.

Oh ! thou, whose fond embrace to meet,
The young Spring all enamour'd flies,
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,
And on thee pours her laughing eyes.

Thou at whose call the light Fays start,
That, silent in their hidden bow'r,
Lie penciling with tenderest art
The blossom thin and infant flow'r.

* This, and the following poem, have been published in an elegant little Collection entitled English Lyrics. *Editor.*

Soft cherub of the Southern breeze,
Oh! if aright I tune the reed
Which thus thine ear would hope to please,
By simple lay, and humble meed;

And if aright, with anxious zeal,
My willing hands this bower have made,
Still let this bower thine influence feel,
And be its gloom thy favourite shade!

For thee, of all the cherub train,
Alone my votive muse would woo,
Of all that skim along the main,
Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue;

Of all that slumber in the grove,
Or playful urge the goss'mer's flight,
Or down the vale or streamlet move,
With whisper soft and pinion light.

I court thee, thro' the glimmering air,
When morning springs from slumbers still,
And waving bright his golden hair,
Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee when at noon reclin'd,
I watch the murm'ring insect throng

In many an airy spiral wind,
Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee when the flow'rets close,
And drink no more receding light,
And when calm eve to soft repose
Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And when beneath the moon's pale beam,
Alone 'mid shadowy rocks I roam,
And waking visions round me gleam,
Of beings, and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,
Thou warm'st to life my languid mind;
Thou cheer'st a frame with genial pow'r,
That droops in every ruder wind.

Breathe, Cherub! breathe; *once* soft and warm,
Like thine, the gale of Fortune blew,
How has the desolating storm
Swept all I gaz'd on from my view!

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,
The haunts of men indignant flee,
Hold to my heart a listless gloom,
And joy but in the Muse and thee.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A GARDEN SEAT.

If Mirth alone to thee be dear,
If Sorrow ne'er thy heart refin'd,
If frolic Youth thy bosom cheer,
And Spirits light, and Fortune kind :

No longer let thine eye peruse
What here inscrib'd thy glance may see;
For I this artless verse would choose,
Unmark'd by mortals blest like thee.

But, stranger, at the touch of pain
If e'er thy heart was doom'd to thrill,
If Melancholy ever deign
To steep thy soul in slumbers still ;

If harsh unkindness e'er for thee
Prepar'd that keen envenom'd dart,

Which tenderness can seldom flee,
And left it rankling in thy heart.

Thee would I greet with kindliest lay,
Would say like thee that others mourn,
And chide thee soft, if chide I may,
And bid thee bear what I have borne.

And tell thee, stranger, if to me
Thy sacred griefs had but been known,
One heart at least, had felt for thee,
And made thy sorrows all its own.

THE REVERIE.

Come, dusky shadows of the night,
Companions of the midnight hour;
Sleep binds his fillet o'er my brow,
And Silence guards the lonely bow'r;
Ah, come! this restless mind engage,
Soothe it with retrospective bliss,
Recall the joys of early life,
And all the present gloom dismiss.

Give me one golden minute back
Of those when prosp'rous fortune smil'd,
When friendship smooth'd each passing care,
And pleasure's witching voice beguil'd:
Call back those dreams of fond romance,
That lull'd me with their specious name,
With faith's firm pledge, with honor's vow,
Love's soft deceit and transient flame.

Dreary and toilsome is the path
When life's aërial schemes are flown,
When kind illusions cheat no more,
And sober Reason claims her own:
Burns *then* the ardent patriot's fire?
Avails the stoic's boasted aid?
Alas! hear godlike Brutus mourn
How "Virtue's self was but a shade."

The world's wide desart* I survey
With fainting step, and cheerless breast;
No soul congenial blends with mine,
I taste no bliss, I feel no rest;
Fled the bright forms which Fancy drew,
Nor Hope's gay visions chear my eye,
Oh drown the sense of present woe!
Oh save me from reality!

---

* "J'envisage avec effroi ce *vaste désert* du monde," &c.
J. J. Rousseau.

TO-MORROW.

See, where the falling day
In silence steals away,
  Behind the western hills withdrawn;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
  As conscious she had ill fulfill'd
  The promise of the dawn!

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes
  As smiling, and as fair as she,
And make as many promises;
    But do not thou
    The tale believe,
    They 're sisters all,
    And all deceive.

THE FAREWEL.*

Yes, Fate forbids us to be blest,
It points the parting hour,
And bids illusive wishes yield
To duty's rigid pow'r.

I would our lot had been more kind,
And I might have been thine;
Yet think dear youth—that boon denied,
How fruitless to repine!

Thine be fair Honor's generous glow,
By kindlier stars ensur'd;
While conscious Virtue cheers each scene,
By hopeless love obscur'd.

Subdued by Reason's mild control,
A calmer bliss we'll claim,

* Imitated chiefly from an old English Lyric, entitled, "The Surrender."

Fixt by the Friend's endearing tye,
" The Brother's" tender name.

Believe that this unchanging breast
Which throbb'd for thee alone,
Shall long its Harry's manly worth
With secret transport own.

Farewel! alas! these falling tears,
These struggling sighs betray
How this weak heart thy long urged flight
Could gladly yet delay.

Ah! why kiss off the sorrowing dew
That bathes my languid cheek,
And bid those fondly-beaming eyes
Such thrilling meanings speak?

If we *must* part, in pity soothe,
Not irritate my grief;
For soon the heart too true to thee,
Must break—or find relief!

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

Why thus decline my troubled eyes,
If hither their mild lustre bending
Those azure orbs to meet me rise?
Why thus with thee conversing dies
My voice in broken murmurs ending?

Yet, dawning from my looks distrest,
Yet, wooing in the coy expression
Of falt'ring sounds, that half supprest
In sighs ill-stifled breathe the rest,
Read—ah too dear! the fond confession.

In vain! what these soft tumults shew,
From thee, yet new to love, is hidden;
Untaught thy wishes yet to know,
If sighs ascend, if blushes glow,
What means the sigh, the blush unbidden?

But hope not ever thus secure
To dart thy wildly-wandering glances;
What others now for thee endure,
Thou soon shalt feel in bloom mature;
On hasty wing thy youth advances.

O, skill'd in every graceful art
That adds a polish'd charm to beauty;
Be mine those pleasing cares t' impart,
Which best refine the gentle heart,
Be mine to teach the tender duty!

LINES

WRITTEN BY A LADY,

ON OBSERVING SOME WHITE HAIRS ON HER LOVER'S HEAD.

THOU, to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time,
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?
Already twining 'midst my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care?

Thro' all her forms tho' Nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day
Thyrsis shall view unmoved thy potent reign;
Secure to please whilst worth has pow'r to charm,
Fancy or taste delight, and sense and truth inform.

Tyrant, when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly,
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,

And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses every grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous face;

Then, thro' her stores shall active mem'ry rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

SONG.

From the light down that mocks the gale
The Linnet culls her stores!
From each wild flow'r that scents the vale,
The Bee a balm explores.

With Nature's truest sense endued,
Unconscious of alloy;
In every gift they find a good,
And every good enjoy.

Feeling's vain child, alone, assign'd
To doubtful, wav'ring pow'r,
With sighs can chill the summer wind,
With tears can blight the flow'r.

Its only dangerous gift, ah! why
Did Heaven to Man impart?
And bid each treach'rous sense supply
A venom for his heart?

VERSES

TO LAURA.

To love, my Laura, let us give
The little span we have to live:
Our moments swift as arrows fly,
And wing'd like them with destiny.

'Tis not, 'tis not everlasting,
But to swift destruction hasting,
The pride of youth's elusive hour,
The peerless beauty's blooming flow'r.

Yon orb that now descends to lave
His axle in the western wave,
The same, or more refulgent still,
Shall rise at morn o'er yonder hill.

Tho' Winter from the woodlands tear
Their verdant spoils, and leave them bare,
Yet these, another Spring shall view,
With fresher foliage clothed anew.

Our " May of Life " alone, no more
Revolving seasons shall restore ;
But death, o'er man's expiring light,
Lets fall irrevocable night !

Once in the narrow house of clay,
" To dumb forgetfulness a prey,"
Ne'er does the voice of Love pervade
The deep interminable shade !

Then come, and e'er the stern behest
Of fate, forbids us to be blest,
While Beauty warms, and Passion glows,
Haste, let us snatch the short-liv'd Rose.

Let doating greybeards ring in vain
Dull changes on the moral strain,
Their prudent maxims nought avail,
Our hearts repeat a warmer tale.

To love then, Laura, let us give
The little span we have to live ;
Our moments swift as arrows fly,
And wing'd like them with destiny.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

Ye swains, whom radiant beauty move,
Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how these rapt'rous charms improve,
When two such gifts together join.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found:
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
And trembling notes are taught to wound;

Enquire not out the matchless fair
Who can this double death bestow,
If her enchanting voice you hear,
Or view her eyes, too soon you'll know.

ON MARIA, SINGING.

'Tis when the rapid trembling strings
Maria's hand obey,
Or when the sweet soft notes she sings
The pangs of love convey,
We learn how music's magic charms
The passions may controul;
Feel, how the lyre with rapture warms,
Or melts the yielding soul.

ON A HANDSOME MOTHER AND SON,

EACH BEREFT OF ONE EYE.

FROM THE LATIN.

Of his right eye young Acon was bereft,
His mother, Leonella of her left;
Give her thine eye, sweet boy, so shall ye prove
The Goddess she, and you the God of Love.

THE VOW.

O CLEAR that cruel doubting brow!
I call on mighty Jove
To witness this eternal vow—
'Tis you alone I love.

" O leave the god to soft repose,
(The smiling maid replies,)
" For Jove but laughs at lovers' vows,
" And lovers' perjuries.

By honour'd beauty's gentle pow'r,
By friendship's holy flame!
" Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
" And friendship but a name?

By those dear tempting lips I cry'd;
With arch ambiguous look,
Convinc'd, my Chloe glanced aside,
And bade me " kiss the book."

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

Lap'd on Cythera's golden sands
When first True Love was born on Earth,
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claimed the sweet employ,
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth;

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,
But Prudence disallow'd her right,
She deem'd her Iris pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given,
And well with Hope the cherub throve,
'Till Innocence came down from Heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
When all prefer'd to *her* she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tired Innocence to slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head;

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heav'd, he smil'd,
Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

THE BLUSH.

When first o'er Psyche's angel breast
Love's infant wings undreaded play'd,
Of either parent's grace possess'd,
My birth their secret flame betray'd.

No limbs my aëry charms obscure,
No bone my elfin frame sustains,
Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure
As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with Beauty, watch with Fear,
I rise in timid Youth's defence;
My gentle warmth alone can rear
The snow-drop buds of Innocence.

Without a tongue, a voice, or sound,
My eloquence o'er all prevails;
I still in every clime am found
To tell my parent's tenderest tales.

Love's sunshine, beam'd from brightest eyes,
Less cheers his votary's painful duty,
Than my auspicious light, which flies
Like meteors o'er the heaven of beauty.

Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?
Mark'd you her eye of radiant blue?
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abash'd at Man's approving:
The one, Love's arrows darting round,
The other, blushing at the wound.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss;
Dearest tie of young connexions,
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin kiss!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action
When ling'ring lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine!

TO DELIA.

Dried be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not Season's day, nor fate shall prove
More fixt, more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long my Delia, can I say
How long my life will last?
Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathes for you
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

" *Que ne puis-je dans un songe,*
" *Tenir son cœur enchanté?*
" *Que ne puis-je du mensonge*
" *Passer à la Vérité?*" J. J. Rousseau.

Sweet aëry Dream, that fly'st my fond embrace,
Ah! let me still thy dear illusions prove;
Stay lovely shade, and once again retrace
The bright similitude of him I love.

Again assume the tincture of that cheek
Where love and youth dispense the rosy dye,
Let the quick glance the rapid thought bespeak,
And sparkling azure animate the eye.

Round the ripe lip, let smiles and graces play,
Let magic accents blend their soft controul;
With each warm sigh the tend'rest wishes stray,
And pour ensnaring witchcraft thro' the soul.

Give him again to Lesbia's faithful arms,
All that her wish could paint, her heart approve;
With flattering visions chase her fond alarms,
Dispel her cares, and tune each thought to love.

Sleep! should the bliss thy shadowy forms reveal,
Elude my hopes, and shun my waking sight,
In pity once again my eye-lids seal,
And lock my senses in eternal night.

ODE TO THE ZEPHYRS.

Ye ! before whose genial breath,
Hovering Death
Girt with troops of wan diseases,
Quits the usurp'd domain of air,
Where, Oh ! where
Linger ye, propitious breezes ?

Hither, where my languid maid
Wooes your aid,
Come, with balmy spirit blowing ;
Gentle harbingers of spring,
Hither bring
Health in rosy beauty glowing.

Bright-eyed Joy to Youth allied,
At her side ;
While with giddy gesture after
Trip gay sports of wilder glance,
Tip-toe Dance,
Dimpled smiles and sleek-brow'd laughter.

Joy-born Mirth shall lead the train :
Soon again
Her each sprightlier Love shall follow,
All who from the front defy,

All who lie
In the dimple's treacherous hollow.

So your praise my song shall tell;
So my shell
Pour to you the liquid measures;
Soft as when your downy wings
Fan the strings,
Murm'ring sweetly-pensive pleasures.

Ah! no such reward ye seek;
O'er that cheek
Blushing if she meet my gazes,
O'er that bosom's living snow,
Free to go,
Little you regard my praises.

Yet, if to my sober ear
Ever dear
Sound your voices sadly sighing
Where from lonely shades my grief
Courts relief,
To your airy woe replying;

Mindful now, in amorous play
Boldly gay
As around her charms you hover,
Oh! in whisper'd sighs reveal
What I feel,
What to you alone discover.

OLIVIA SLEEPING.

The Night her empire had resign'd,
And bright the Sun his orb display'd,
No more to sleep my eyes inclin'd,
Yet near my love I still delay'd.

Still blest delay'd ; a casual beam
Had glanc'd the curtain's veil beside,
And pour'd its unexpected gleam
Where lay repos'd my bosom's pride.

O'er her I hung, and watch'd the ray
Thro' her loose tresses shadowy wind,
And round that neck soft fade away
Which on my happy arm reclin'd.

More full, the beam reveal'd to view
The cheek which warm in slumber glow'd,
The lip, which ere I bade adieu,
Look'd as if still it kisses ow'd.

But sure that cheek *too* warmly glows,
  Disturb'd, distress'd my love appears:
Quick throbs her heart—I'll bid unclose
  Those beauteous eyes—they stream with tears.

Olivia!—deep her bosom sigh'd,
  Her eyes diffused a sadden'd gleam,
Till starting—"Art thou there?" she cried—
  "Ah me! how blest—'twas but a dream!"

VANESSA'S

ODE TO SPRING*.

HAIL! blushing Goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when *Cadenus* blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene;
When unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendship, kindled new desire:

* This Ode, and the subsequent one, are cited by Mr. Sheridan in his very agreeable and entertaining Memoirs of Dean Swift. *Editor.*

Still list'ning to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
  My Guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names! in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoin'd your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

Oh Pallas! I invoke thy aid,
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart,
Thus Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddess! break the fatal league,
Let Love with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone within my breast,
O deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

THE RELAPSE.

VANESSA TO CADENUS.

In vain I strive to heal the smart
Which spreads its venom thro' my heart,
In vain I fly the subtle snare
Which prudence bade me oft beware;
In vain I struggle to controul
His lov'd idea in my soul,
It still returns to break my rest,
And raise fresh tumults in my breast.

Tho' Wisdom warns me still to shun
A path where thousands are undone,
Each soft emotion to repel,
And banish him I love too well;
Tho' sterner duty bids us part,
And tears him from my throbbing heart,
Yet Love, unconquer'd, holds his sway,
And makes that trembling heart obey.

With wild conflicting passions torn
By turns thro' each extreme I'm borne;

Hope vainly cherishes the fire
And bids the tender wish aspire;
Obscur'd by Reason's sullen shade
Too soon the smiling visions fade,
The soft illusions melt in air,
And leave me nothing but despair!

My Guide, my friend, whose gentle sway
Ev'n Passion's lawless tribe obey,
Ah! yet exert that soft controul
Which stills the tumults of my soul;
That weakness which thou ne'er hast known
Teach *me* to conquer and disown;
Relinquishing each fonder claim
For Friendship's free, yet sacred name.

In vain I hope, in vain implore,
Love, rebel Love, maintains his pow'r;
O'er-rules each virtue once my own,
Honour subdued, and Reason flown.
Ah! then the fruitless task resign,
Thine must I live, in Death be thine;
And vain thy coldly-cruel art
To raze thy image from my heart.

LIBERTY,

AN ELEGY.

(The Idea taken from Johnson's Description of "The Happy Valley of Ambara," in his Rasselas Prince of Abyssinia.)

To thee, Eudocia, be these lays consign'd,
Who blest, in Freedom's fair dominions live;
Whilst I, alas! am pompously confin'd,
Bereft of every joy the world can give.

In vain for me the blushing flow'rets bloom,
And Spring eternal decks the fragrant shade;
In vain the dewy myrtle breathes perfume,
And sounds angelic echo thro' the glade.

The marble palaces, and glittering spires,
What are they? pageant glare, and empty shew;
Ah! how unequal to my fond desires
Which tell me—Freedom makes a Heaven below.

Pensive I range these ever-verdant groves,
And sigh responsive to the murm'ring stream;
While woodland warblers chant their happy loves,
Dear Liberty! is wretch'd Myra's theme.

The velvet lawns diversified with flow'rs,
In sweet succession every morn the same;
Fresh gales that breathe thro' Amaranthine bow'rs,
And every charm inventive art can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd place;
And here, to smooth captivity a prey,
Each royal child of Abyssinian race
Consumes the vacant inauspicious day.

Tho' festive mirth awake the laughing morn,
And guiltless revels lead the dancing hours;
Tho' purling rills the fertile meads adorn,
And the wild rock its spicy produce pours:

Yet what are these to fill a boundless mind?
Tho' gay each scene appears, 'tis still the same;
Variety in vain I hope to find,
Variety, thou dear but distant name!

With pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless ease,
No sweet alternatives my spirits cheer;

Joys oft repeated lose their power to please,
And harmony grows discord to my ear.

Blest Freedom! how I long with thee to rove,
Where various Nature all her charms displays;
To range the sun-burnt hill, the rifted grove,
And trace the silver current's winding maze;

Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air
Who distant climes and various seasons see:
Regions—tho' not like soft Ambara fair,
Yet blest with change, and crown'd with Liberty!

Vain wish, these rocks whose summits pierce the skies,
With frowning aspect tell me hope is vain;
Till free'd by death, the purer spirit flies,
Here, wretched Myra's destin'd to remain.

THE MAID

WITH BOSOM COLD.

Of me they cry, I'm often told—
" See there the Maid with bosom cold !
" Indifference o'er her heart presides,
" And love and lovers she derides ;
" Their idle darts, unmeaning chains,
" Fantastic whims and silly pains :
" In pride secure, in reason bold,
" See there the Maid with bosom cold."

Ah ! ever be they thus deceived !
Still be my bosom cold believed,
And never may enquiring eyes
Pierce thro' unhappy Love's disguise :
Yet could they all my bosom share,
And see each painful tumult there,
Ah ! never should I then be told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

A fate severe, my suffering mind
To endless struggles has consign'd,

I feel a flame I must not own,
I love, yet every hope is flown ;
Too strong to let my passion sway,
Too weak to teach it to obey,
I agonize, and then am told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

The joy o'er all my looks exprest
Conceals a bosom ill at rest ;
To balls and routs I haste away,
But only imitate the gay :
I jest at Love and mock his pow'r,
Yet feel his triumph every hour ;
And lost to ev'ry bliss, I am told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold.

Unable from myself to fly,
I catch each word, I read each eye ;
Antonio comes—I die with fear
Lest others mark my falt'ring air ;
My eye perhaps too fondly gazed,
My tongue too much—too little praised ;
Suspicion's trembling slave—I'm told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold,

With anxious toil, with ceaseless care,
Content and careless I appear ;

All mirth beneath another's eye,
Alone I heave the helpless sigh,
Hang musing o'er his image dear,
Feel on my cheek th' unbidden tear,
And think, ah! why should I be told
That I'm the Maid with bosom cold?

The flower may wave its foliage gay,
And flaunt it to the garish day,
Unseen the while, a canker's pow'r
May haste its honours to devour;
And thus, while vainly round me play
Youth's zephyr breath, and Pleasure's ray,
My fate unknown, my tale untold,
Thus sinks the Maid with bosom cold.

TO A LILY

FLOWERING BY MOON-LIGHT.

Oh! why thou Lily pale,
Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moon-light,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?
When all thy sisterhood,
In silken cowl and hood,
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gale?
Fair horned Cynthia wooes thy modest flower,
And with her beaming lips
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art aye her only paramour;
What time she nightly quits her starry bow'r,
Trick'd in celestial light
And silver crescent bright;
Oh! ask thy vestal queen
If she will thee advise,
Where in the blessed skies
That maiden may be seen,
Who hung like thee her pale head thro' the day,
Love-sick, and pining for the evening ray;

And liv'd a virgin chaste, amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
Oh tell me where she dwells!
So on thy mournful bells,
  Shall Dian nightly fling
Her tender sighs to give thee fresh perfume,
Her pale night-lustre to enhance thy bloom,
  And find thee tears to feed thy sorrowing *.

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* This little Poem was the early production of a son of Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool. *Editor.*

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love,
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay ;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the Poet dear,
Who form'd the song you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard, who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To Nature just, to Genius warm !
But ah ! the Bard, where is he fled ?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread,
The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To Music gave the Poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,

How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day,
For like the Master of the Lyre
He too has lived, and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd,
Yet where—to silent Death resign'd,
Rests now the form the Muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay;
Alas! while lives the song to charm,
All but the song has past away!

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The thought refin'd that bids thee sigh.
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can Genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on, and mourn, thou generous maid,
Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy, an hour renew.

Vain humbled man! must every pride,
All thy fond glories, feel decay?
Must every boast, if once allied
To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
All that thy reasoning mind rever'd:
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost *thou* too live to pass away?

TO LAURA AT PARTING.

Laura! thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain;
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus in vain.
Yet, while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah think! tho' doom'd from thee to fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee, would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone;
Thee, would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last, long kiss, and then we part,
Another,—and adieu!
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

STANZAS

ON A

WITHERED LEAF,

WHICH WAS BLOWN INTO THE BOSOM OF THE AUTHOR.

Pale wither'd wand'rer, seek not here
A refuge from the boist'rous sky:
This breast affords no happier cheer
Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,
When storms assail the barren breast;
Go then, poor exile, seek relief
In bosoms where the heart has rest.

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground
Where silent sorrows buried lie;
There, rest is surely to be found,
Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where, sepulchred in peace, repose
In yonder field, the village dead,

Go! seek a shelter among those
  Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But, if thou com'st a sybil's leaf,
  Such as did erst high truths declare,
To tell me—soon shall end my grief,
  I bless the omen that you bear:

For, sure thou tell'st me that my woe
  An end like thine at length shall have;
That, worn like thee, and wasted so,
  I sink into the peaceful grave!

Then come, thou messenger of peace!
  Come lodge within this troubled breast,
And lie there, 'till we both shall cease
  To seek in vain for Nature's rest.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

The tears I shed must ever fall;
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought, may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead;
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless Oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by Death's cold hand removed
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails,

No hope her dreary prospect chears,
  No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded Pride,
  Of blasted Hope, of wither'd Joy,
The prop she lean'd on, pierc'd her side,
  The flame she fed, burns to destroy.

In vain does Memory renew
  The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
  And turns the past to agony.
Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
  The pangs to every feeling due;
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
  To win a heart—and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
  Just what would make Suspicion start,
No pause the dire extremes between;
  He made me blest,—and broke my heart.
From Hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
  Neglected, and neglecting all;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
  The tears I shed must ever fall!

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe:
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome win, and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh! why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only one request
You know I must deny?
Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend it sought!

STANZAS.

To —— ——.

If to gaze on thee, waking, with love never ceasing,
And fondly hang o'er thee, in slumber when laid,
Each tender dear moment my passion increasing,
If that was betraying, thou hast been betray'd.

If thy comforts by every fond art to enhance,
Thy sorrows to lighten, thy pleasures to aid,
To guess every wish, and obey every glance,
If that was betraying, thou hast been betray'd.

ODE TO FANCY *.

O Thou! whose empire unconfin'd
Rules all the busy realms of Mind!
The slow-eyed cares thy mild dominion
Confess; if thou thy rod extend,
No more the sharp-fang'd sorrows rend,
But hovering round on frolic pinion
The laughing train of Joys descend.

To soothe the woes of absent love,
Come Fancy! Now, what time above
The full-orb'd Moon, that rose all-glowing,
Begins her lifted lamp to pale;
What time to charm the listening vale,
In liquid warbles fondly-flowing
Laments th' enamour'd Nightingale.

* This Ode, to which in the first edition (through an oversight of the Printer) the name of Dr. Lawrence was prefixed, is now given from a corrected copy, with two other poems, by the same pen, which were also inaccurately printed.

In softly-pleasing light, the Queen
Of Heaven arrays the blue serene;
Yet lovelier beams the gentle glory
In Anna's azure eyes display'd:
Sweet is the poet of the shade;
Yet sweeter than his warbled story
Each sound from Anna's lip convey'd.

Nor haply shall I ever find
That tongue to me alone unkind,
On every grief but mine so ready
To bid the balm of comfort flow;
Nor shall that eye, which every woe
But mine can melt, thus ever steady
To me alone no pity shew.

Like mine, her bosom now may feel
The tender melancholy steal,
Tho' maiden modesty dissemble;
And now, while Memory brings again
The Muse which first reveal'd my pain,
Th' involuntary tear may tremble,
And own the triumph of the strain:

So whispers Hope: by Fancy led
She comes. With rosy wreaths her head,
With rosy wreaths her sacred anchor

Love intertwines—in vain employ;
For lo! behind th' exulting boy,
  With stifled smiles of patient rancour
Creeps Mockery, watchful to destroy.

Ah! still, tho' whisper'd to deceive,
Let me thy flatteries, Hope, believe,
  Content from Grief one hour to borrow!
Ah! still, if o'er my distant way,
As through the path of Life, I stray,
  Hang gathering clouds of future sorrow,
O Fancy! gild them with thy ray!

ODE TO FOLLY.

Hail, Goddess of the vacant eye!
To whom my earliest vows were paid;
Whose prattle hush'd my infant cry,
As on thy lap supinely laid
I saw thee shake, in sportive mood,
Thy tinkling bells and antick hood.

Source of the sweets that never cloy,
Folly, indulgent Parent, hail!
Thine are the charming draughts of joy
That childhood's ruby lips regale:
Thy hands with flowers the goblet crown,
And pour th' ingredients all thy own.

No fiery spirits enter there
To rouse the tingling nerves to pain,
Thy balmy cups, unbought with care,
Swim lightly o'er the tender brain;
Bland as the milky streams they flow,
Nor leave the pungent dregs of woe.

Gay partner of the school-boy band,
Who charm'd the starting tear away;
What, tho' beneath the pedant's hand
My flaxen head devoted lay,
Oft were my truant footsteps seen
In thy brisk gambols on the green.

Too soon those moments danced away;
My years to manhood onward drew,
And as my heart began to play,
My listless limbs more languid grew:
For now a thorn disturb'd my rest,
The wish of something unpossess'd.

At length with wonted pastimes tired,
Aside the boyish gawds I threw;
But when with expectation fired
I to the world's wide circle flew,
I look'd around with simple stare,
And found thee in broad features there.

There, saw thee high in regal seat,
Thy crowded, clamorous orgies hold,
With bounding hands thy cymbals beat,
And wide thy tawdry flag unfold;
Whilst thy gay motley liveries shone,
On myriads that begirt thy throne.

Thy devious path, sweet Pow'r, I join'd:
Thro' fancied fields of bliss we stray'd,
A thousand wonders we design'd,
A thousand idle pranks we play'd:
Now grasp'd at glory's quivering ray,
And now in Chloe's chains we lay.

But Folly, why prolong my verse
To sing the laughter-loving age?
Or what avails it to rehearse
Thy triumphs on the youthful stage,
Where Wisdom, if she claims a place,
Sits ever with an awkward grace?

For now, ev'n now in riper years,
Smit with thy many-coloured vest,
Oft I renounce my cautious fears,
And clasp thee to my thoughtless breast;
Enough that in *Presumption*'s mien
Beneath my roof thou ne'er art seen:

That,—as my harmless course I run,
The world thro' candid lights I view,
And still with generous Pity shun
The moody, moping, serious crew;
Since what they fondly, vainly prize,
Is ever, ever to be Wise.

DIRECTIONS

TO THE PORTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Thou faithful guardian of these peaceful walls,
Whose zealous care protects thy master's gate;
If any stranger at this mansion calls,
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune, blindfold goddess, chance to knock,
Or proud Ambition lure me to her arms,
Shut, shut the door, good John, quick turn the lock,
And shield thy master from their syren charms.

If sober Wisdom hither deigns to roam,
Nor let her in, nor send her quite away:
Tell her, at present I am not at home,
But hope she'll call again another day!

If at my door a beauteous Boy be seen,
His little feet have oft my threshold trod,

You know the offspring of the Cyprian queen,
His air—without his bow, bespeaks the god.

His gentle smiles admittance ever win,
Tho' oft deceiv'd—I prize the fond deluder;
Morn, noon, and night, be sure you let him in,
For Love, dear Love, is never an intruder.

ODE TO A FOUNTAIN.

Sequester'd Fountain, ever pure,
Whose smooth, meand'ring rill,
In gentle murmurs glides obscure
Beneath thy parent hill;
Tired with Ambition's fruitless strife,
I quit the stormy scenes of Life
To shape my course by thine,
And pleased, from serious trifles turn,
While thus around thy little urn
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair Fountain! on thy margin green
May Spring her flowers display,
And pendant shades thy bosom screen
From noon's obtruding ray.
O! may the morn's ambrosial sky
With pearly dew thy stores supply,
May health infuse her balm;
And some soft virtue in thee flow
To mitigate the pangs of Woe,
And bid the heart be calm.

Fair Fountain! to thy gelid streams
  May Lethe's clouded Spring
Emerging from the Land of Dreams,
  Some balm oblivious bring:
With that blest opiate in my bowl,
Far shall I from my wounded soul
  The thorns of Spleen remove;
Forget how there at first they grew,
And once again with Man renew
  The tyes of cordial love.

For what avails the wretch to bear
  Imprinted on his mind,
The lessons of distrust and fear,
  Injurious to mankind?
Hopeless, in his disast'rous hour
He sees the gathering tempest low'r,
  The bursting cloud impend;
Tow'rds the wild waste he casts his eye,
Nor can that happy port descry,
  The bosom of a friend.

How changed, since that propitious time
  When wooed by Fortune's gale,
Fearless, in youth's advent'rous prime,
  He crowded every sail:

The swelling tide, the sportive breeze,
Lightly along the halcyon seas
His bounding pinnace bore;
In search of Happiness the while
He steer'd by every fragrant isle,
And touch'd at every shore.

Ah me! to Youth's ingenuous eye,
What charms the prospect wears:
Bright as the portals of the sky
The opening world appears:
There every object stands confest,
In all the sweet advantage drest
Of Candour's radiant robe;
There, no mean cares admission find,
Love is the business of Mankind,
And Honour rules the globe.

But if those lights fallacious prove
That paint the world so fair;
If there be found for generous Love
No soft asylum there;
If Men fair Faith, fair Fame deride,
Bent on the crooked paths that guide
To Interest's sordid shrine;
Be yours, ye gloomy sons of woe,
The melancholy truth to know,
The dream of bliss be mine.

IL PERDUTO BEN'.

And do I live to hear the tale?
And will Ambition then prevail,
Can sordid schemes for wealth assail
A heart so true as His?
Can those dear lips, once prest to mine,
The sacred pledge they seal'd, decline,
And bid me every hope resign
Of future, promis'd bliss?

Ah! me! I thought thy plighted love
No giddy change could ever prove,
No wish that gen'rous bosom move
In Falsehood's paths to stray:
To thee were all *my* joys confin'd,
Round thee each fond affection twin'd;
How could I think thy soul inclin'd
To wrong me, or betray.

I look'd for Thee to guide my way
Thro' Life's rude storms, and closing day,
Cheer'd by those smiles which might o'er-pay
An age of pain and care ;
When youth's warm feelings throbb'd no more,
And Time these locks had silver'd o'er,
From long approving Mem'ry's store
Joys still endear'd, to share.

Yet having pledg'd thy faith to me,
If now, thou would'st again be free,
No cold accusing tale to thee
My looks shall ever speak :
And having lov'd, if we must part,
If I *must* tear thee from my heart,
It never shall its griefs impart,
But silent bleed, and break !

Alas ! where cans't thou hope to find,
A faith so pure, so firm a mind,
A will, to thine so much resign'd,
It made thy law its heaven !
Go, range the world, each pageant share
Which fame and splendor can prepare,
And when thou find'st how false the glare,
Return,—and be forgiven.

THE VISIONARY.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead :

No shivering ghost my way pursues,
No bloodless shape my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys !

The shade of youthful Hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died ;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honors at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh ?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love,
Oh ! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove.

FOR MUSIC.

When brightly glows the western wave beneath
the Sun declining,
And languid sounds the distant tide, retiring from
the shore,
'Tis then I sink, to pensive thought my melting soul
resigning,
Surrender'd sink, while care disturbs, and reason
wakes no more.
I muse of all that childhood loved ere Age its joys
derided,
Of all that youth delighted sketch'd while Hope
the pencil guided,
Of all that once my heart believed while Tender-
ness presided,
And every scene that Mem'ry throws her lonely
radiance o'er.

But oh! how kindly-soothing then in gentle ca-
dence stealing,
Comes Music with its soften'd airs, and seems to
breathe and sigh,

Sweet as the voice which Friendship pours, when not our woes concealing,
She owns that we with reason mourn, yet tells of comfort nigh.
Then wake the lyre to sounds that float on lengthen'd pensive measures,
Oh, wake the lyre! and give my soul its dear, its richest treasures,
And tell my heart, tho' now forlorn, that still it has its pleasures;
Those sounds again! like other bliss they seem too soon to die.

STANZAS,

FOR MUSIC.

As now the shades of eve, embrown
The scenes where pensive Poets rove,
From care remote, from envy's frown,
The joys of inward calm I prove.

What holy strains around me swell!
No wildly rude tumultuous sound;
They fix the soul with magic spell:
Soft let me tread this favour'd ground.

Sweet is the gale that breathes the spring,
Sweet through the vale yon winding stream,
Sweet is the note Love's warblers sing,
But sweeter *Friendship*'s soothing theme.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The twilight shades are thickening fast,
The chilling night-dews fall,
A low'ring gloom now settles round,
And silence reigns o'er all.

The Orb of Day with half-quench'd beam
Sinks wan beneath the wave,
Its fervor spent, and faded now
The brilliant tints it gave.

The Lily droops her languid head,
And folds her silken gem;
Parch'd by the Sun's inclement ray
She sicken'd on her stem.

But mark, Lorenzo—see the change
Unerring Nature shares;
Soon from the East how glowing bright
The blushing dawn appears.

The hovering shades receding, fly
  At morning's fragrant breath,
Her opening sweets fresh blossoms yield
  For Nature's various wreath.

With renovated radiance bright,
  The planet of the Day
Retraces his diurnal course,
  Rejoicing on his way.

The freshen'd Lily now revives,
  And rears her beauteous head,
Expands her foliage to the beam,
  And scents her dewy bed.

'Tis thus, Lorenzo, ebbing life
  Seems mournful, dark, and sad;
'Tis thus the ling'ring spirit shrinks
  At Death in terrors clad.

But thus again, with life renew'd,
  It wakes to joy and light;
For Virtue shall survive the wreck
  That whelms a world in night.

THE RUIN.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN *.

" Say Time, whose once yon' stately pile," I cried,
" Which now thou crumblest, ruthless, in the soil ?"
He answered not, but op'd his pinions wide,
And flew with heedless haste to ampler spoil.

" Say then, prolific Fame, whose breath supplies
" Life to bright works of wonder—what were those?"
Abash'd, with blushes only she replies,
Like one whose bosom heaves with secret throes.

* *SONETTO DI ORAZIO PETROCHI,*

Sull' incertezza della Rovina d'un Edifizio.

Io chiesi al tempo; ed a chi sorse il grande
Ampio edifizio che qui al suol traesti?
Ei non risponde; e più veloci e presti
Fugitivo per l'aer i vanni spande.

Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
When o'er the pile I saw Oblivion stride,
With mien imperious, and with vacant eyne,
" Perchance THOU know'st," I cried,—" Ah speak! declare!"
Abrupt he answer'd, hoarse, and shook the air,
" Whose once it was, I reck not! *Now 'tis mine.*"

Dico alla Fama, O! tu, che all'ammirande
Cose daì vita, e questi avanzi e questi?
China essa gli occhj, conturbati e mesti,
Qual chi dogliosi, alti sospir tramande.

Io già volgea, meravigliando il passo,
Ma su per l'alta molo altero in mostra,
Visto girsen l'Obblio di sasso in sasso.
E tu gridaì, forse il sapresti? ah! mostra—
Ma in tuono m'interruppe orrido e basso,
Io di chi fù non curo, *Adesso è nostra.*

This sonnet has lately been republished in Mr. Mathias's valuable work, *Componimenti Lirici de' più illustri Poeti d'Italia.*"

THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

" Say, who art Thou, and whence thy cure
" For sorrows such as I endure ?
" Will at thy word the grave restore
" The Youth I ever must deplore ?
" Vain boaster ! can'st Thou calm a mind
" That Joy, that Hope, has now resign'd ?
" Unmov'd, alas ! fatigued I hear
" Reason's dull murmurs in mine ear.
" Religion would my sighs restrain,
" Her soothing voice I list in vain ;
" And Virtue bids me closer fold
" The grief which to my heart I hold.—
" Say who art thou, and whence thy cure
" For sorrows such as I endure ?

Fair Mourner ! all these taunts severe
I reck not—for I often hear,
Resistless in my powerful sway :
Thy heart must break, or must obey.

Disdain me, yet whate'er thy sorrow,
From me shalt thou thy comfort borrow:
Mark these firm wings that never fold,
This hour-glass, and this scythe behold:
Already hast thou learnt from me
In Words to paint thy misery!

With eye, that o'er Life's fleeting scene,
Sad busy vision, loves to dream,
I pause, and each vain sigh between,
I mark, O Sun! thy parting beam.

Thine orb is set; the village spire,
The tufted wood, the cottage wall,
Whose forms received thy glancing fire,
Are dim, and twilight saddens all:

Awhile the mountain vapours glow
With touches of receding light;
Faint and more faint the colours grow;
They blend, they fade, and all is night.

Thus when the heart, that once so warm
To ev'ry breast its transport told,
To Youth gave rapture, Age a charm,
To Mirth, to Love, to Life lies cold:

Awhile each well known scene can raise
The form that was accustomed there;

O'er every trait again we gaze,
Each softened tone in anguish hear :

But dim, more dim that form appears,
And faint, more faint those sounds decay,
Each hour the frail impression wears ;
Each moment steals some trace away.

Too soon the tears I owe, subside,
O rise, loved Shade, and bid them flow ;
Give me the melancholy pride,
The soothing constancy of woe.

Nithsdale, 1796.

CORIN'S ADIEU.

FOR MUSIC.

Despairing, I rove by this still running stream,
While Corin's sad fate is for ever my theme;
For 'twas Here we oft wander'd the long summer days,
And each vale, then harmonious, re-echoed his lays:
The woods with delight bow'd their tops to his song,
While the streamlet responsive ran murm'ring along;
The songsters were mute when He tun'd his soft reed,
And fays danced around on the green-chequer'd mead.

But now—woe is me! hapless Corin is dead,
And the sweet-briar waves its boughs o'er his cold head:
Alas! he is gone, and my bosom is rent,
When I think on the days I with Corin have spent.
Then adieu, gentle spirit! and soft be thy rest,
While I cherish thy name in my sorrowful breast.

MAY-DAY.

" *Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite*
" *Daphnim.*" VIRG. Ecl.

THE Nymphs and the Shepherds are met on the green,
With chaplets to deck the fair brows of their queen,
The rosy Aurora awakes from her bed,
To illumine the dew-drops that Vesper had shed.

What strains of wild music resound thro' the grove,
Sweet music, the voice of contentment and love;
While the soft warbling Linnet proclaims from yon spray,
That this is the morning, bright morning of May.

'Twas here that gay Flora with Zephyr did wed,
While Pansies and Vi'lets sprang up for their bed;
And 'twas in yon arbour of Myrtles inwove,
That she bore a sweet cherub, the pledge of their love.

He was nurs'd by the Hours, by the Graces attir'd,
By Venus belov'd, by the Muses inspir'd,
The Spring deck'd him out in her fairest array,
Then crown'd him with roses, and call'd him sweet
May.
'Tis for him that the Shepherds assembled are seen
To revel and dance round their May-chosen Queen;
'Tis for him that the Minstrels attune the soft lyre,
While the swains and the virgins unite in the choir.

'Tis he that enamels our meadows with flow'rs,
And renders so vocal our green-shady bow'rs;
'Tis he that enlivens our songsters, to prove
That May is the season of Music and Love.

But to me can these regions of softness and ease,
Can the songs of the Lark or the Nightingale please?
Ah no! when away from the youth I adore,
These scenes of delight can enrapture no more.

Return then, dear Daphnis, return to my arms,
For without thee blithe Nature's deprived of her
charms;
While, blest in thy presence, all seasons are gay,
And each month that elapses, to me appears May.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK IN WHICH A LADY HAD MADE A SELECTION OF POEMS.

Whilst youth and health lead on the sprightly hours,
How sweet thro' Fancy's flowery fields to stray,
Catch the wild notes inventive Genius pours,
And stamp on lasting leaves the genuine lay!

Nor think those hours to trivial cares consign'd
Thou with the favouring Muses may'st employ;
'Tis they who harmonize the youthful mind,
And open every avenue to joy:

Bid the free'd soul the grovelling crew despise,
Whom humbler hopes of pōw'r or riches move;
Bid the free'd soul to nobler prospects rise,
To Fancy, Friendship, Harmony, and Love.

SONNET.

As o'er the smooth expanse of Summer's sky
Pass the light vapours that return no more;
As on the margin of the breezy shore
Waves after waves successive rise and die;

Thus pass the transient race of human kind,
That sweeping onward tow'rds oblivion's gloom
Yield unreluctant to their cheerless doom,
Nor of existence leave a trace behind.

Yet C——*, some there are of nobler aim,
Who spurn th' inglorious lot; and feel within
The generous hope of well-deserved praise.
Anxious, like thee, by deeds of just acclaim
From Glory's shrine her greenest wreaths to win,
And bid their memory live to future days.

* This Sonnet we believe to be addressed to Dr. Currie, of Liverpool. *Ed.*

STANZAS.

FROM THE LATIN OF ANGELUS POLITIANUS.

Why, Charles, when Youth and Love combine,
With Sages old thine hours employ?
To weave the polish'd verse be thine,
To sing of rapture, sing of joy.

Tell how thy fav'rite mistress smiles,
Proud of the strain a Muse might own,
For Venus comes with all her wiles,
And claims this season as her own.

Hence then with Learning's wrinkled brow,
The serious mien, the frown austere!
Soft let the melting numbers flow,
'Till Grecia's self with envy hear.

So Cupid round thy favour'd head
His mother's myrtle wreath shall twine;
Beyond the stars thy praise shall spread,
Nor time nor space thy fame confine.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GREEK.

Why, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove;
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he *can* fly—Oh! bid him fly from me.

ON READING

"*THE SORROWS OF WERTER.*"

THY soft-wrought sorrows, WERTER, while I view,
Why falls not o'er the page sweet Pity's dew?
Is there no tear for thy unhappy lot?
Is Tenderness no more, and Love forgot?
Chill'd is my breast by fifty Winters snow?
And dead the touch of sympathetic woe?
No!—o'er this bosom fifty Winters old,
Love, wedded Love, still points his shafts of gold;
Still moves his purple wings, and o'er my urn
With brightest rays his constant lamp shall burn.
Not so thy torch of Love—in angry mood
By Furies lighted, and put out in blood;
From the black deed affrighted Pity flew,
And Horror check'd the tear thy suff'rings drew.
While from the gloomy page I learn'd to know
That virtuous tears alone for virtuous sorrows flow.

ON A BUTTERFLY

Which came forth from its Chrysalis in a Lady's Hand,

BORN in Aspasia's fost'ring hand,
My finish'd form I first display'd:
And felt my plumy wings expand,
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glow'd upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry,
Yet fair each painted pinion grew,
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No Zephyr rose with gentle gale
To fill my infant frame with air,
But fann'd by fair Aspasia's breath
The Zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No Rose, no Lily, near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest,

But these in brighter tints I found
On the fair virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus Nature with indulgent care,
Propitious graced my natal hour,
And with superior sweetness gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flow'r.

DIRECTIONS

FOR

MAKING A TEA VASE.

Friend Boulton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art a Tea Vase mould,
Your art, more valued than the gold;
And where proud Radbourne's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it kiss
The foaming wave, and seem to hiss;
No Naiads weep, no Sphynxes stare,
No tail-hung Dolphins high in air.
Let wreaths of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim;
Each side let woodbine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend;
While at the foot a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreaths with both his hands.

Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh ! place a love-torn turtle dove,
With hanging wing and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom.
Last, let the swelling vases shine
With silver white and burnish fine;
Bright as the font whose banks beside
Narcissus gazed, and loved, and died.
Vase ! when Eliza deigns to pour,
With snow-white hand, thy boiling shower,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips
Thy fragrant stream with ruby lips,
More charms thy polished front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew;
More than *His* chisel soft unfurl'd,
Whose heaven-wrought statue charms the World.

To Mrs. F——,

On the Writer's Birth-day.

Of years I have now half a century past,
Yet not one of the fifty so blest as the last:
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness still with my years should increase,
This defiance to Nature's more general laws,
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause.

INSCRIBED

IN THE

TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP

At St. Anne's Hill.

The Star, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,
The season changed, with milder ray
Cheers the calm hour of parting day.
So Friendship, of the generous breast
The earliest, and the latest guest,
In youthful prime with ardour glows,
And sweetens Life's serener close.

Benignant pow'r! in this retreat
O deign to fix thy tranquil seat!
Where, rais'd above the dusky vale,
Thy favourites brighter Suns shall hail;
And from Life's busy scenes remote
To thee their cheerful hours devote;
Nor waste a transient thought, to know
What cares disturb the crowd below.

WRITTEN

IN THE ALBUM AT CREWE HALL.

HERE, in rude state, old chieftains dwelt,
Who no refinement knew;
Small were the wants their bosoms felt,
And their enjoyments few.

But now, by taste and judgment plann'd,
Throughout these scenes we find
The work of Art's improving hand,
With ancient splendor join'd.

And far more great the owner's praise,
In whom at once are shewn
The *genuine worth* of former days,
The *graces* of their own!

NATURE AND THE MUSES.

EPIGRAM.

With the Muses and Nature once loit'ring, quoth Time,
" How vainly your skill you employ!
" Thus endeav'ring with labour such works to sublime,
" As one stroke of my scythe can destroy!"

Peace, boaster! your laws, cried a Muse, you may find
One pupil of ours can defy:
Your touch has matur'd the rich stores of his mind,
Without quenching the fires of his eye:

See where Cumberland *smiles as our contest he hears,
And displays, as a proof of this truth,
With the treasures of science, and knowledge of years,
The spirit and graces of Youth.

* Written in August 1801.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE GRAVE,

A COMEDY,

Represented at the Royal Kentish Bowmen's Lodge.

In elder times, some lively sparks, 'tis said,
Have paid familiar visits to the dead,
By Pluto well receiv'd, politely all
Conjur'd him never to return their call.
But he assured them, on some future day,
He would not, could not fail to pass their way:
With various views they went, one * anxious heir
Went—with strong hopes to find his father there;
One † sought another's wife, this *Hist'ry* shews;
One ‡ sought his own—that's *Poetry,* God knows!
But now this friendly intercourse is o'er,
None uninvited drive to Pluto's door;
Though soon or late his grimness visits all,
None will his kind civility forestall.

* Telemachus. † Hercules, ‡ Orpheus.

For ev'n when bidden in the warmest way,
All, if they can, put off th' appointed day.
E'en some, self-ask'd, when near his door recede,
And recollected pre-engagements plead.
Judge then, what wonder seiz'd the spectre state,
When with a light hand tapping at the gate,
The Comic Muse, a least expected guest,
At the dark realms of Death for entrance prest!
Smiling she prest, that smile had still prevail'd
If Hero's sword, and Minstrel's lyre had fail'd,
Hearts more than Death inexorably hard,
E'en misers hearts by worse than dæmons barr'd,
Won by that angel smile, could ne'er refuse
Entrance and welcome to the Comic Muse!

Why all unlicens'd thus th' intruder came
To beat in Cypress groves for sprightly game?
Why trip'd her light sock o'er the church-way sod
Long by her buskin'd sister only trod?
How to the grisly king she fearless sped,
And bound her mask upon his goblin head?
How all those darts which mark his tyrant rule
She turns to shafts of harmless ridicule?
This all as yet in mystic silence seal'd
Within yon abbey's vaults shall be reveal'd,
Attend awhile, we need not patience crave,
Few are in haste to learn the *secrets of the Grave.*

PROLOGUE

TO THE

" COMEDY OF FASHIONABLE FRIENDS."

Hard is the chace poor authors now pursue
In this old world to hunt out something new !
Where can the modern poet turn to find
One undiscover'd treasure of the mind,
One drop untasted yet in Learning's spring,
Or one unwearied plume in Fancy's wing ?
Our grandsire Bards, with prodigal expense,
Squander'd the funds of Genius, Wit, and Sense :
Annuitants of Fame, they took no care
How ill their beggar'd successors might fare :
Each thought exhausted, all invention drain'd,
A selfish immortality they gain'd,
And left no spot in all Apollo's garden,
No farm in all Parnassus worth a farthing !
Some keen observers, on dame Nature's face,
The crow-foot marks of time and sickness trace ;

No wonder then, if our poetic sires
Felt for her youthful bloom more genuine fires;
Nature to them her virgin smiles display'd,
They woo'd a spotless, *we* a ruin'd maid!
For she was won, if Chronicles speak truth,
By many a Grecian, many a Roman youth;
But still the lovely libertine retain'd
Charms yet unview'd, and favors yet ungain'd,
For one immortal boy! to HIM alone,
Her beauties and her failings *all* were shewn.
Heedless of time, or place, or mode, or fashion,
Disorderly she own'd her glorious passion.
What time all rules of critic prudery brav'd,
In Avon's hallow'd stream her angel form she lav'd!

Her fading graces now less transport move,
We feel for Nature artificial love,
Though for her age, the dame looks passing well,
Six thousand years hard living, still must tell!
E'en for the Satyrist few themes remain,
Folly herself has long been on the wane;
Folly, though here immortal still she dwells,
In *Strulbrug* palsy shakes her rusted bells!
Is Folly then so old? Why let me see
About what time of life may Folly be;
Oh! she was born, by nicest calculation,
One moment after Woman's first creation!

This night our unknown Author will produce
Old subjects moderniz'd for present use ;
If you're displeas'd, be cautious how you show it,
Perhaps your nearest neighbour is the poet ;
But if your'e pleas'd, and anxious to befriend us,
Like FASHIONABLE FRIENDS in crowds attend us.

" *As near Porto Bello lying,*" &c.—GLOVER.

PARODY.

CAPELL'S GHOST*.

TO

EDMUND MALONE.

As near honour'd Stratford lying,
Fast by Avon's swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Shakespeare's gallant navy rode.
There while Edmund sate all glorious
From false Ireland's late defeat,
And the critic crews victorious
Drank success to every sheet :

On a sudden strangely sounding,
Dubious *notes* and yells were heard,

* The transaction alluded to in this Parody relative to Capell's edition of Shakespeare, is too generally known *now* among the literati to require any explanation. *Ed.*

Grammar, sense, and points confounding,
A sad troop of clerks appear'd,
All in spotted night-gowns shrouded,
Which in life for coats they wore,
And with looks by reading clouded,
Frown'd on the reviewing shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Capell bold
His black bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their cases old.
O'er the glimmering stream he hied him,
Where the *Steevens** rear'd her sail,
With three hundred clerks beside him,
And in groans did Edmund hail.

" Heed, oh heed, my fatal story,
" I am Capell's injured ghost!
" You who now have purchas'd glory
" Near the place where I was lost.
" Though in Ch-lm-rs' leaden ruin
" You now triumph free from fears,
" When you think of my undoing,
" You must mix your joy with tears.

---

* The admiral's ship.

" Mark the forms by Shakespeare painted
" Ghastly o'er the harrowing scene,
" Envy wan with colours tainted,
" And Detraction's skulking mien.
" Mark the passions foul and horrid,
" Low'ring o'er the blasted *Heath* * ;
" Hecate hides her son's black forehead
" At the scoundrel tale beneath.

" I, by Learning's train attended,
" Treasures hid first brought to light;
" And from none my stores defended,
" Who for Shakespeare burn'd to fight.
" Oh ! that from *such* friends' caresses
" I had turn'd me with disdain !
" Nor had felt the keen distresses,
" Stung by all that serpent train.

" Rival scholars I ne'er dreaded,
" But in twenty years had done,
" What thou, Edmund, little heeded,
" Hast achiev'd in eight alone.
" Then the shelves of Cadell never
" Had my foul dishonour seen,

---

* H—pst—d.

" Nor contempt, the sad receiver
" Of *my* Shakespeare's school had been.

" Warburton and Pope dismaying,
" And their blunders bringing home,
" Though condemn'd to satire's flaying,
" I had met a Tibbald's doom ;
" To have fall'n, Sam Johnson crying,
" He has play'd a scholar's part,
" Had been better far than dying,
" Struck by cowards to the heart.

" Unrepining at such glory,
" Thy successful toil I hail :
" Men will feel my cruel story,
" And let Capell's wrongs prevail.
" Doom'd in Slander's clime to languish,
" Days and nights consum'd in vain,
" Worn by treachery and anguish,
" Not in open battle slain.

" Hence with all my clerks attending,
" From their parchment tombs below,
" Through their office-dust ascending
" Here I feed my constant woe.
" Here the commentators viewing,
" I recall my shameful doom,

" And my primal notes renewing,
" Wander through the letter'd gloom.

" O'er my school for ever mourning,
" Shall I roam depriv'd of rest,
" If to Avon's banks returning,
" You neglect my just request;
" After your dull foe * subduing,
" When your Stratford friends you see,
" Think on Vengeance for my ruin,
" And for Shakespeare shamed in me!"

---

* Ch-lm-rs.

THE GENIUS OF CHATTERTON.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN ON THE SUPPOSITION OF HIS BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO THOMAS ROWLEY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

'Tis done:—THE MIGHTY STRIPLING gave the word:
Instant round Bristol's crowded mart
Beams of celestial glory dart,
And to each kindling breast poetic flames impart.

Give me the harp, he cried, of thousand strings:
Echo from her mountain cell,
O'er desert heath, or shadowy dell,
The repercussive notes in varying pauses brings:
The obedient power of inspiration heard.

Now swell the strain in accent bold;
Now tun'd to artless woe
Let the soft numbers musically flow;
Or to the praise of heroes old,
Let Freedom's war-song sound in thund'rous terror roll'd.

Far hence all idle rhymes,
The taste of none but giddy-paced times:
In manlier modes I strike the deep-ton'd lyre,
And other joys inspire.
Whence is this ardour? what new motion bodes
My agonizing soul?
It is decreed:
Illusion, come: work thy all potent deed,
And deal around the land thy subtle dole.

Be the solemn subject drest
In antique numbers, antique vest;
In Time's proud spoils right gorgeously array'd,
With many a strange conceit and lore profound;
There be the bookman's sapient art display'd,
While Folly dreams, and Wonder stares around.
See Fancy wafts her radiant forms along,
Borne on the plume sublime of everlasting song!

Brave Richard * calls; the crescent falls:
He rears the cross; the nation bow.
Vengeance, arise! great Bawdin dies †:
Awful be the notes, and slow.

---

* Rowley's Second Eclogue.

† The death of Sir Charles Bawdin.

Juga's woes demand the strain* :
Shall female sorrow stream in vain?
Ah! deck with Myrtle wreaths that hapless herse.
Nor let sainted Charity †,
Godlike maid with upcast eye,
Unheeded pass without one votive verse.
Grief's a plant of every clime,
Call'd into birth from earliest time;
Soon it shoots a branching tree,
Water'd with tears of misery.

Change, my lyre, thy numbers change,
And give aspiring thought an ampler range.
In buskin'd pomp appear
Dread Ælla's regal form ‡:
Fate stalking in the rear
Prepares the iron storm.

Mark § where the Norman canvas swells afar,
And wafts the destin'd troops to Albion's strand:
Hear, Harold, hear; the distant sound is war;
War, that shall sweep thee from thy native land.
The measure's clos'd; the work dispos'd!

---

* Elincure and Juga. † Ballade of Charitye.
‡ Ælla, a Tragical Interlude; and Godwyn, a Fragment.
§ The Battle of Hastings.

Hang the immortal tablet high !
The colours mix ; the soul they fix ;
Confest before th' entranced eye.
Confirm, Pierian pow'rs ! MY bold design ;
And stamp with ROWLEY's name each consecrated
line.

ON SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet Bard! though Fancy, faithful to thy tomb,
Paints airy forms, and blends them with its gloom,
For thee no wreath her em'lous hand shall twine,
While weep the Gopia * o'er thy lyre divine.—
Nor for thy virtues shall my numbers flow,
I fear to mock them by too calm a woe;
She only who thy toils, thy dangers shar'd,
Thy labours lighten'd, and thy perils dar'd,
Can wake from memory the ling'ring tear,
And pour due anguish o'er a husband's bier.
Yet shall my honest, though untutor'd verse,
One tale of glory o'er thy grave rehearse;
One truth record—that, when a British horde
O'er India wav'd the desolating sword,
And in her harmless tribes, and teeming soil,
Saw only slaves to grind, and fiefs to spoil;

* The Muses in the Indian Mythology.

Friend to her morals, champion of their wrongs,
'Twas thine, unstain'd 'mid war's and rapine's throngs,
To bid firm Justice the oppress'd uphold;
With taste and letters calm the thirst for gold;
The sacred volumes scan, thro' ages stor'd,
To science shew new worlds, unveil'd, explor'd,
Till hoary Brahmins wondering round thee stood,
And grateful Indians found one Christian good.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CHARLES BUNBURY.

1799.

Oh, thou! whose bosom warm with honest Pride,
Pants for the conflict of the world, untried;
And, full of sanguine Youth's ingenuous creed,
Think'st worth must rise, and talents must succeed;
Check the fond impulse they inspire! and know
Full oft the star of Genius sets in woe!
Trace the sad record of yon votive stone,
And touch'd by Charles's fate, mistrust thine own.
Heav'n had his form with manly beauty grac'd,
His mind with force, intelligence, and taste;
Each happier tone of every chord he hit,
His gravity was sense, his mirth was wit;
His were affections undebas'd by art,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart:
Mem'ry, with unobtrusive knowledge fraught,
And join'd to playful fancy, depth of thought.

Such as he was, to sad remembrance dear,
He closed in distant climes his short career.
Yet there Connubial Love's assuasive pow'r
Calm'd the last struggles of his parting hour.
Here, let Parental grief enshrine his name,
And long the Muse and Friendship guard his fame.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

A LINGERING struggle with misfortune, past,
Here, patient virtue found repose at last,
Unprais'd, unknown, with cheerful steps she stray'd
Thro' life's bleak wilds, and fortune's darkest shade;
Nor courted fame to lend a friendly ray,
And gild the dark'ning horrors of the way.
When fir'd with hope, or eager for applause,
The hero suffers in a public cause,
Unfelt, unheeded, falls misfortune's dart,
And fame's sweet echoes cheer the drooping *heart*.
The Patriot's toil immortal laurels yield,
And death itself is envied in the field.
Her's was the humbler, yet severer fate,
To pine unnoticed in a private state;
Her's were the suff'rings which no laurels bring,
The gen'rous labours which no muses sing;
The cares which haunt the parent, and the wife,
And the *still sorrows* of domestic life.
What, tho' no pageant, o'er her humble earth
Proclaim the empty honours of her birth?

What, tho' around no sculptur'd columns rise,
No verse records the conquests of her eyes;
Yet here shall flow the poor's unbidden tear,
And feeble age shall shed his blessings here;
Here shall the virtues which her soul possest,
With sweet remembrance * soothe a husband's breast,
And here in silent grief shall oft repair
The helpless objects of her latest care;
Recall her worth, her adverse fate bemoan,
And in a mother's woes forget their own.

---

* " —— While sweet remembrance soothes the aching breast,
" And turns each tear to rapture." AKENSIDE.

" DANAE."

Imitated from a Fragment of Simonides.

Loud rav'd the storm—the foaming tide
Dash'd round the shatter'd vessel's side*;
No voice was heard, no beacon's light,
No planet cheer'd the gloom of night;
The Sea-Gull scream'd, and quicker past
High soaring on the wint'ry blast.
The beauteous Queen with streaming eyes
View'd the wide waste, and frowning skies;
Bare was her breast, her cheek was pale,
Her loose hair floated on the gale.
Lost in amaze, awhile she stood
Wildly gazing on the flood;
Then with convulsive start she prest
Her infant to her throbbing breast.

* The Reader will doubtless recollect that Danae, beloved of Jupiter, was exposed by her Father in a small bark on the sea, to perish with her infant son, by whom an oracle had foretold that he should be put to death.

" And sleeps my babe," she cried, " while break
" The surges on thy clay-cold cheek ?
" Sleep'st thou, while round thy beauteous form
" Roars the wide waste, and howls the storm ?
" For thee I heave the frequent sigh,
" On thee I bend my sorrowing eye,
" Yet thou, my babe, in soft repose,
" Nor feel'st, nor know'st thy mother's woes.
" Sleep on ! and may a happier fate
" Than mine, thy future life await !
" Vain hope ! soon, soon shall o'er thee close
" The Gulph of Death ; soon shall the Rose
" Fade on thy cheek ; that Heavenly grace
" No longer animate thy Face ;
" And cold shall be the hands that press
" My breast in silent tenderness.

" Inhuman father ! could no ties,
" No fond endearing sympathies,
" This helpless babe, a daughter's love,
" Thy cold relentless bosom move ?
" And oh ! could murder ease alone
" Thy coward fears, and guard thy throne ?
" Say, could not chains prevent the blow,
" And prisons guard thy fated foe ?

" But ne'er to THEE, who rul'st on high,
" Did Sorrow heave a fruitless sigh,

" Thou, thou shalt hear thy Danae's moan,
" And spare her infant, and thy own.—
" But why this throb? what floods of light
" Pour from yon Heav'ns upon my sight?
" What God unveils to mortal eye
" The mysteries of futurity?
" Shall my child live? shall Vengeance too,
" And from his hands my foes pursue?
" Shall they too tremble? shall they know
" The sad reverse of human woe?
" Rave, rave thou storm, and louder sweep
" The billowy surges of the deep:
" Wide ope, ye gulphs, your dread abyss,
" Singly to perish thus, is bliss!
" Fame, kingdoms, PERSEUS, shall be thine,
" And Vengeance, Vengeance, shall be mine."

YARICO TO INKLE.

YES, perjur'd Man! my passion must have way;
Too long conceal'd within my breast it lay;
Why should my rage in secret thus remain?
Wrongs such as mine concealment should disdain;
Away with tears and unavailing moan,
Since tears nor pray'rs can melt thy heart of stone.
Thy heart, where sordid Interest reigns supreme,
Rules through the day, and gilds the nightly dream;
Where every thought is but to swell your hoards,
Nor starts at any crime that wealth affords:
Obdurate wretch! and could'st thou then behold
These limbs in shackles for the sake of gold?
So sad a sight could'st thou endure to see,

Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh for me?
Alas! for thee I've wept, for thee I've shed
Unceasing torrents o'er my sleepless bed,
When for thy safety, anxious as my own,
In caves I hid thee from the world unknown;
Fancy has oft with idle terrors fraught
Shewn murder'd Inkle to my troubled thought,

Heard him with well known accents, true in death,
Call on lov'd Yarico with latest breath;
Frantic with fear from off my couch I start,
Seek the known cavern with a throbbing heart,
With tottering step the deep recess invade,
Wishing to know the truth, yet still afraid:
Determin'd now I cast around my eye,
" My love is safe, my love is safe !" I cry:—
And wild with joy, my raptur'd bosom burns,
By turns I kiss thee, and I weep by turns.
Nor you my love disdain'd; your tender breast
An equal flame for Yarico confest.
Oft in my circling arms entranc'd you lay,
And curs'd the coming of th' unwelcome day.
For you no beauties had the rising Sun,
The day was night when Yarico was gone.
Oft, with reluctant steps when forced to go,
I left you fixt in attitude of woe;
And slow retreating, saw your fearful eye
Pursue my steps, and heard the bursting sigh;
Saw you, 'till now no more my aching sight
With sudden darkness seiz'd, could bear the light.
When night return'd, it still beheld my flame,
And found our mutual ardor still the same;
Another night appear'd—another past,
Renewing each our raptures like the last.

Blest in thy love, time wing'd with pleasure flew,
To interrupt my joys no care I knew,
And judging of thy passion by my own,
Resign'd all thought but confidence alone:
Trusting in thee, what could'st not thou persuade?
Gave all I had—and am by thee betrayed;
By thee to fierce barbarians vilely sold—
Oh! impious Man, to barter love for gold!
Was it for this I strew'd thy leafy bed?
Was it for this with various fruits I fed?
Was it for this I every want supplied,
And hung thy cavern with the Tyger's hide?
Fool that I was in dangers thus to run,
And take, alas! such pains to be undone.
Hast thou so soon forgot how oft I led
Thy weary footsteps to the fountain's head?
"Sweet stream," said I, "whose waves so purely glide
"Thro' the smooth herbage, with unsullied tide,
"O may my happy life as purely flow,
"Its waves untainted with the taste of woe!"
In vain I said, tho' gently glides the rill,
Pure and unsullied its meanders still,
With woe, alas! my life polluted flows,
For slighted love is sure the worst of woes.
For thee did I ambitious gifts reject,
Saw humbled princes kneeling with neglect;

Yes Inkle, yes, I saw them bend the knee,
And I despis'd them all, despis'd for thee !
Oh ! can'st thou think on this, nor inward feel
The stings of conscience worse than sharpen'd steel;
Will not remorse force out the lab'ring sigh,
Throb in your heart, and tremble in your eye?
It will, it will; methinks I see thee now
By frenzy driv'n to yonder mountain's brow,
Calling on me you leave the airy steep,
And headlong plunge into the roaring deep.
O stay my love ! my dear repentant, live !
My wrongs, however great, I still forgive.
All may be well, alas ! I rave, I burn,
He boasts his crimes, and views my grief with scorn;
Unhappy wretch ! what torments do I prove,
Condemn'd to hate him, still, oh ! still I love!
From Heaven I call no furious vengeance down,
Wounding his breast, I should but wound my own;
Be every blessing showr'd upon his head,
Oh may he live, when I, alas ! am dead.
And when his ashes sleep within the grave,
May Heaven forgive as Yarico forgave !

MAIA'S BIER.

" ——— *She was in love,*
" *And he she loved forsook her.*" SHAKSP.

HOPELESS, bereft of every joy
That life can give, or love destroy,
No opiate now can lull to rest,
But cold despondence chills my breast;
On my wan cheek the colour dies,
And every grace neglected, flies;
My languid eyes no longer glow,
Their sparkling lustre dimm'd with woe,
Slow ling'ring thus, I sink into the tomb,
Nor would I breathe a wish t'avert th' untimely doom.

For now, alas! these boasted charms
That fill'd each swain with soft alarms,
No longer please th' inconstant youth,
Whose late pledg'd vows of endless truth
Beguil'd a heart unskill'd to feign,
Or mock the pleading lover's pain;

In vain he vow'd; his fickle mind
Nor vows control, nor faith can bind;
But fond of conquest, his insidious arts,
Of soft believing maids, still court th' unpractis'd
hearts.

Yet thus tho' life's gay dreams are fled,
And every hope within me dead,
Low as I press my early bier
O'er me shall drop sweet Friendship's tear,
And love-lorn maidens heave the sigh
Of balmy-breathing Sympathy;
Pale o'er the spot where I am laid
The rustic Primrose rear its head,
And mournful Cypress shade the hallow'd space,
Where Maia sleeps in peace, lock'd in Death's cold
embrace.

And Thou, if chance should guide thee near,
And bend thy steps to Maia's bier,
False youth! wilt thou suppress the sigh,
And cold avert thy cruel eye?
Wilt thou not rather curse thy art
Which sunk too deeply in my heart,
And mourn the perjur'd oaths you swore
To win the maid belov'd no more;

Weep o'er my wrongs, when 'tis alas! too late,
And with repentant soul deplore sad Maia's fate!

When shelter'd in the silent urn
No more with fatal flames I burn;
What fruitless pangs will rend thy breast,
And urge what it so long represt!
Thy trembling lips will then upbraid
The guilty vows they lately made,
And many a keen regret shall dwell
On her Thou taught'st to love too well:
While Passion's tide to purer bliss aspires,
And pitying Heav'n accepts poor Maia's last desires.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF CAPTAIN J. WOODLEY.*

" E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli !" DANTE.

THE fatal scene is past ! the storm is o'er,
The sufferers now no more its blasts assail;
They sleep beneath the heaving billow's roar,
While pale remembrance shudders at the tale.

And shalt thou sleep neglected and forgot,
Thou—to my inmost soul in fondness twin'd !
Shall cold Oblivion be Arion's lot,
Shall he unmourn'd his oozy pillow find ?

* The Author's brother, who was lost in the Leda frigate, off Madeira, on the 11th of December 1795, at 29 years of age.—The greater part of the crew of the unfortunate Leda perished with the accomplished and gallant officer who commanded her.

Was it for this, that gallant, brave, and young,
He shone conspicuous in his country's cause,
That o'er his brow the wreaths of Valour hung,
And Envy's self could not withhold applause.

Ah! what avail'd the Muse's watchful care,
To form to Harmony his cultur'd mind,
With every talent, every gift to rear,
And brilliant wit, to polish'd manners join'd.

Heart-rending thought! and can I bear to tell—
In foreign climes he met an early grave,
No funeral dirge was sung, untoll'd his knell,
O'er his lov'd form was closed the briny wave.

No sympathising Friends with anguish shar'd
The last sad duties of the parting hour.
No Sister's voice his drooping senses cheer'd,
And breath'd soft Comfort's mitigative pow'r:

The struggling pangs of ebbing life are past,
No hallow'd Cypress consecrates his bier;
While on the surging waves his corse is cast,
The sea-fowl's note wild-shrieks the requiem drear.

But He's at rest! Arion feels no more,
Tho' Wint'ry tempests shake the troubled main;

For Him—life's vague perplexing maze is o'er;
And changeful seasons roll their cares in vain :

Yet what can soothe a Parent's wasting grief?
What opiate lull a Sister's heartfelt woes?
No lenient soft control *here* brings relief,
A wound so keen no common balm can close.

One roof, one bosom, nurs'd our early love,
In life's gay morn our joys were still the same ;
Time taught the ripening union to improve,
And join'd the social and fraternal claim.

Dark is the scene beyond the silent grave,
No cheering light directs the wand'rer's way ;
Yet there, if FAITH a lingering spark can save,
Ev'n there *we* still shall own its tender sway.

The sacred ties of Nature still shall bind
Where kindred spirits glow with gen'rous fire,
Faithful in Death our hearts be still conjoin'd,
Nor hallow'd love, with life's last throb, expire.

BALLAD.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

To thee, lov'd Nith, whose gladsome plains
So late I traced with careless breast,
I bring again a heart unchanged,
Tho' torn with grief, with care opprest.
Ye scenes of dear departed joys
With transport felt, with transport sung,
To other lays your gales have sigh'd,
With blyther notes your echoes rung.

And now your banks and bonnie braes *
But waken sad remembrance smart;
The very shades I held most dear
Now strike fresh anguish to my heart:
Deserted bow'r! where are they now?
Ah! where the garlands that I wove
With faithful care, each morn to deck
The altars of ungrateful Love?

* Brae, *Scottish*; it signifies the slope of a hill.

The flow'rs of Spring, how gay they bloom'd
When last with *Him* I wander'd here,
The flow'rs of Spring, are past away
For Wint'ry horrors, dark and drear.
Yon' osier'd stream, by whose lone banks
My songs have lull'd him oft to rest,
Is now in icy fetters lock'd,—
Cold, as my false Love's frozen breast.

Tho' music brings its wonted charm,
The soothing pow'r no more I prove,
For how can peace that reed impart
Which vibrates yet with fondest love?
Ah! vainly, vainly do I mourn,
And vainly, vainly hope relief;
Yet come my reed—thy tuneful art
Shall waft, in plaintive sounds, my grief.

Ye banks of Nith, prolong the strain,
And if my Love still court your shade,
Say, tho' I deeply mourn the change,
The charmer I can ne'er upbraid.
Tell him, inconstant tho' he be,
My faith can ne'er from him depart;
His are the tears that drown my song,
And His the sighs that rend my heart.

THE REMEMBRANCE.

YET, let me sigh, and think again,
Tho' thinking but renews my pain;
Let me bestow one grateful tear,
And let me breathe one vow sincere.
That wheresoever Fate has doom'd
My future life to be consum'd,
Until the tenure frail, decays,
I'll mourn the friends of Early Days.

Sweet flows thy silver current, Nith,
And pure the air thy shepherds breathe;
Bright spring the flow'rets on thy side,
And fair the vales thy streams divide;
But dearer, Thames, thy gliding wave,
And those gay plains thy waters lave;
For them I'll tune my simple lays,
Where dwell the friends of Early Days.

In vain thy glitt'ring spires arise,
Augusta, to enchant mine eyes;

Pleasure in vain exerts her pow'rs
With noisy mirth and midnight hours ;
No vain regret for them prevails,
'Tis not such joys my heart bewails ;
'Tis not the splendid City's blaze,
No !—'tis the friends of Early Days !

Yet soon, perhaps, may come a day
These years of absence to o'erpay ;
Perhaps ere long I may repair
Where first I drew the vital air ;
Thy stream, O Thames ! may glad my eyes
Where my dear native plains arise ;
Then, oft I'll trace thy winding maze
Among the friends of Early Days.

ON A RED-BREAST

FLYING INTO THE PARLOUR AT W——,

AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER, IN 1793.

" ———— *One alone*
" *The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,*
" *Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,*
" *In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves*
" *His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man*
" *His annual visit.*" THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WELCOME, sweet bird, that from the leafless grove
Now seek'st a refuge in my lowly shed;
Stay, timid guest, my kind protection prove,
These rustic floors with safety may'st thou tread.

Here placid nature holds her tranquil reign,
Sacred to thought, to solitude, and me;
And tho' proud luxury my roof disdain,
Its humble stores shall still be shar'd with thee.

No fowler here, with stern unpitying hand
Directs the tube, or spreads the guileful snare;
But here the Nine, a tender friendly band,
With Love and Pity in their train, repair:

Here oft, by THOMSON's gentle spirit led,
Pensive they stray these oak-clad hills around,
Or press the dewy vale with printless tread,
And range the meads with Autumn's tints embrown'd.

Fear not th' asylum that we give, to share,
Nor deem these sylvan pow'rs to thee unknown,
Thy social form to every Muse is dear,
And soft-eyed Pity claims thee for her own:

Moved by *Her* dictates, once, thou wing'dst thy way,
As ancient minstrels sang in simple verse,
And sought the drooping Infants where they lay,
And strew'd with mournful Cypress buds their hearse.

And when they slept beneath the Hawthorn's shade,
And the pale Primrose o'er their green sods hung,
Daily thou pour'dst thy wild notes thro' the glade,
And to their spotless souls a requiem sung.

Thrice gentle deed! be its desert fulfill'd;
May freshest rills unlock their crystal spring,
Its crimson berries may the Hawthorn yield,
And vernal hours, for thee, their transports bring!

And when blythe May new decks the vocal groves,
Be thine a faithful mate's soft toils to share,
No truant boy disturb thy hallow'd loves,
Or from thy nest the callow offspring bear.

Till then, a free and welcome guest remain,
My kind associate thro' the Winter drear;
Here, shelter'd warm, defy his sullen reign,
And with thy songs my rustic cottage chear.

FAREWELL TO NITHSDALE,

WRITTEN ON QUITTING W———, IN THE SPRING OF 1794.

" *Dunque Addio, care Selve,*
" *Care mie selve, addio.*
" *Ricevete questi ultimi sospiri.*" GUARINI.

THOU winding stream that peaceful flow'st
Thro' Nith's loved vale, and flow'r-deck'd glades,
Once more receive my sad farewell,
Once more I quit your sylvan shades.

Yet ere I leave these blissful scenes
Each favourite haunt no more to view,
Let me with rapture hail their sweets,
And bid a fond, a last adieu!

Adieu to W———'s tranquil vales,
My swelling heart—ah! cease to beat:
Its oak-clad hills, its vocal dales,
And all its pensive pleasures sweet.

Farewell the Burn * whose glassy wave
Reflects the Lily's fragrant bell,
The tangled copse with wild woods hung,
Where Fays and rural Genii dwell.

Drop, ling'ring tears †, o'er *Edwin*'s grave,
And bathe the sod that wraps him round;
And bid the friend's, the brother's name,
My mournful reed once more resound.

Reluctant, Nith, I quit thy banks,
For beauty famed, and social joys,
Where oft my heart to Mirth has danced,
Or throbb'd to Friendship's soothing voice.

But Memory oft shall trace the days
I tun'd my reed on Scotia's plain,
Till Fortune smile, and I behold
The friends and land I love, again.

---

* Burn, a brook, or streamlet, so called north of the Tweed.

† This Stanza was a tribute to the memory of Rob. Riddel of Glen-Riddel, who died at Friars' Carse, in Nithsdale, a few weeks before the "Farewell" was written.

THE COMPLAINT.

BALLAD.

*REST, rest dear babe, in balmy sleep reposing,
No care, no sorrow moves thy tranquil breast;
Rest, till the dawn thy gentle eyes unclosing
Shall wake that smile in which alone I'm blest.

Hush thee, sweet babe! let nought disturb thy slumbers,
Thy Mother fondly o'er thy cradle hung,
Thus frames for thee the soothing, fav'rite numbers,
For thee her vigils thus beguiles with song.

Alas! my child, for thee no *Father*'s bosom
Throbs to soft sympathy and fond alarm;
No shelt'ring arm protects thy tender blossom,
And screens its weakness from life's gath'ring storm.

---

* "Tu dormis, volitanque qui solebant
"Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.
"Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores,
"Qui matrem cruciant, tuæ quietis
"Rumpant somnia," &c. MARKHAM.

In vain with tears and suppliant accents blended,
His infant seeks its sacred rights to claim;
Tho' truth and honor for those claims contended,
Honor and truth, to him, are but a name.

Vainly to him this faithful heart appealing,
Which Passion's tend'rest, truest flame still warms,
Urges those oft-pledg'd vows, each generous feeling
Tho' now forgot—which gave me to his arms.

How can he thus forego the soft relations
That bind with mutual ties his soul to me,
How can he lose those ever-dear sensations
Which swell to rapture as I gaze on thee?

Oft o'er thy lovely form while pensive musing,
His smile, his features, with delight I trace,
Each painful thought in melting fondness losing,
I clasp *his Image* in my Child's embrace.

O may that Pow'r who hears my sad lamenting,
And guards my Nursling with a parent's eye,
Restore his heart, at Nature's voice relenting,
To Faith's firm bonds, and Love's forgiving sigh.

Sleep on dear babe! no thoughts like these oppress thee,
Mild Innocence thy peaceful temples crowns;

No anxious doubts, no keen regrets distress thee,
No brooding care around thy cradle frowns.

Those tranquil looks suspend thy Mother's anguish,
Those artless smiles her drooping heart sustain;
Victim of broken vows tho' doom'd to languish,
She lives in THEE to peace and hope again.

CARLOS AND ADELINE.

A BALLAD.

YOUNG Carlos was handsome, young Carlos was brave,
And manly, and generous his heart;
Tho' train'd to subdue the proud Ocean's wild wave,
A more polish'd demeanour no court ever gave,
More refin'd, yet devoid of all art.

Nor had Adeline long the young hero survey'd
Ere her bosom his merit approved;
The dark curling locks o'er his forehead display'd,
The smiles, as with fondness his soul they pourtray'd,
Ah! who could have gazed on unmoved?

Not less the mild beauties she gave to his view
Conspir'd to enamour the youth;
'Twas not for the melting eye's languishing blue,
Or the dimpled cheek sparkling with health's rosy hue,
He priz'd her for kindness and truth.

With ardour he pleaded, nor Adeline sought
The passion she felt to controul;
In senseless coquetry unpractic'd, untaught,
Candour beam d in her looks, as it reign'd in her thought,
And reveal'd each fond wish of her soul.

Five months wing'd with rapture flew swiftly away,
Five months—'twas a Heav'n they bestow'd!
Each morn rose with joy, with delight clos'd each day,
Love bade his bright torch its full lustre display,
And Pleasure's rich cup overflow'd.

Our short dreams of bliss with just transport we prize,
But we strive to arrest them in vain;
Carlos kiss'd the bright tears from fair Adeline's eyes
The shrill blasts of war bade him stifle his sighs,
And once more brave the turbulent main.

Sad and careful the days, cold and joyless the nights
To be languish'd in absence away;
But the cause of his country to glory invites,
Nor might Carlos decline the defence of her rights
Or Love sue a longer delay.

By Medway's fair banks pensive Adeline stray'd,
Her heart torn with ceaseless alarms;
She chid the slow hours his return that delay'd;

Ah ! vainly that hour dost thou look for, sad Maid,
That should give him once more to thy arms.

With victory oft had his valour been crown'd,
'Till fatal at length rose a day
When numbers o'erpow'ring his vessel surround,
And wounded, and bleeding, brave Carlos was found
On the deck, where half lifeless he lay.

He raised his pale form, when Antonio he eyed,
" And oh ! my lov'd friend, when I'm gone,
" To my Adeline send this dear token," he cried,
" The braid, her last gift, round my arm which she tied,
" And say my last throb was her own !"

But, Heav'ns ! what was Adeline's anguish to view
That bracelet, discolour'd with gore ;
Full quickly the heart-rending tidings she knew,
And rumour proclaim'd it too fatally true,
Her Carlos existed no more.

Detesting the light, yet poor Adeline strove
With calmness her woes to sustain ;
For her bosom had nourish'd a pledge of their love,
And her half-broken heart vainly panted to prove
Affection's fond ties once again.

She linger'd in silent despair, till that hour
Which gave her young son to the light,
But the Parent-stem droop'd with the weight of the flow'r,
And Grief's canker-worm, with its slow-working pow'r,
Untimely, consign'd her to night.

Yet unconscious, the babe seem'd her sorrows to chide,
As its smile caught her half-closing eye;
Thro' that smile she her Carlos' lov'd features descried
With a Mother's fond glance, with a Mother's fond pride,
She blest it, and breathed her last sigh.

Then in peace her mild spirit dissolved its frail bands
To mix with her Carlos' once more;
And where Medway's full stream bathes the bright yellow sands,
And the grey mournful Willow its foliage expands,
Her tomb rises, lone, on the shore.

Now thou know'st the sad tale, pious stranger, if e'er
Round thy heart gentle Pity could twine,
Let these true lovers' sorrows thy sympathy share,
Give a tear to their fate, to their spirits a pray'r,
So may Heav'n look with mercy on thine!

ALWYN AND RENA.

Ask you, why round yon' hallow'd grove
The Myrtle and the Laurel bloom?
There sleep the lovely and the brave,
O drop a tear upon their tomb!

"Ah! cease my love these fond alarms!"
For war prepar'd, young Alwyn said,
"For I must quit my Rena's charms,
"My bleeding country asks my aid.

"Yes, I will hush this struggling sigh,
"Yes, I will check these flowing tears,
"A smile shall brighten in my eye,
"My bosom shall dispel its fears."

"You try indeed to force a smile,
"Yet sorrow's drops bedew your cheek;
"You speak of peace, yet, ah! the while
"Your tears will scarcely let you speak."

" Go Alwyn, Rena bids you go,
" She bids you seek the field of death ;
" Go Alwyn, rush amidst the foe,
" Go, and return with Vict'ry's wreath."

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew,
The milk-white courser paw'd the ground ;
A mixt delight young Alwyn knew,
But Rena shudder'd at the sound :

Yet strove to hide the rising fears
Which now in quicker throbbings swell,
And faintly smiling thro' her tears
She falter'd out—a long farewell !

Three tedious Moons with cheerless ray
Had vainly gilt the face of night,
Nor yet the hero took his way
To bless his drooping Rena's sight.

At length thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came, and Vict'ry's wreath was wove,
But, ah ! around a lifeless head.

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yon' tall cliff's o'er-arching brow

With heaving breast she urg'd her flight,
And would have sought the waves below :

But while with frantic gaze she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Faith strung each nerve by grief subdued,
And whisper'd to her soul—Forbear !

And now, tho' Passion's storm was o'er,
Yet Melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd till life's warm springs were dry.

For this, around yon' hallow'd grave
The Myrtle and the Laurel bloom ;
There sleep the lovely and the brave,
O drop a tear upon their tomb !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

TOMB OF TWO LOVERS,

BURIED BY THE FALL OF A HILL IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ——— *.

STRANGER.

SAY, gentle Herdsman, why so drear
Waves o'er this bank the Cypress shade?
Know'st thou if chance have placed it here,
Or if it mourn the silent dead?"

* " A narrow vale that bordered a *burn*, or streamlet, near " ——, was suddenly filled up by the fragments of a hillock " which gave way, under whose acclivity was a bank, the fa- " vourite rendezvous of two young villagers, who were be- " trothed. From the day that this romantic spot was destroyed " in the ruins, the lovers were heard of no more. Twenty " years had elapsed, when a friend of Mr. E—'s, who purchased " the ground, employed labourers to dig and clear the rub- " bish that disfigured the banks of the streamlet; and bu- " ried in the ruins were found two skeletons, yet entire, and " lock'd in each other's arms. The proprietor erected a rustic " monument to the memory of the unfortunate pair, and shaded " it with a grove of Cypress; which, with these elegant Stan- " zas of Mr. E—'s, has rescued them from oblivion."

SHEPHERD.

Yes, Stranger! every swain can tell
  Why waves this melancholy grove;
And in thy breast if Nature dwell,
  The tale thy tend'rest tear shall move.

For here a gentle pair are laid,
  Their knell untoll'd, their dirge unsung;
Soft as the Summer's gale the maid,
  The swain as hardy Winter strong.

To where this bank o'erhangs the stream,
  (Sweet stream that murm'ring winds below)
To melt in Love's delirious dream
  The tender pair would often go.

The earliest dawn of rising day
  Saw the fond interview begun,
Morn, noon, and evening stole away,
  Nor ceased it with the setting sun.

One morn they sought the conscious scene,
  Fondly they sought, but ne'er return'd;
Their weeping kindred search'd in vain,
  And the distracted village mourn'd.

Tho' now shone forth the twentieth year,
Ne'er was their doubtful fate forgot,
Dark Melancholy hover'd here,
And Superstition shunn'd the spot.

'Till late, beneath the sult'ry ray,
As digging deep the ruin'd mound,
Where link'd in love and death they lay,
These hands the pair's sad relics found.

O blessed be the breast that shares
Another's joy, another's pain!
But for Palemon's pious cares
Their relics had been found in vain.

He bade them here protected rest,
He rais'd around the mournful gloom,
The turf with sweeter flow'rets deck'd,
And fondly rear'd the rustic tomb.

STRANGER.

Shepherd, this gentle, generous deed
Approving Heav'n will sure repay!
Thro' life his love's best wishes speed,
And close in peace his lengthen'd day.

BETH-GELERT,

OR

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.*

THE Spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
" Come, Gêlert, come, wer't never last
" Llewelyn's horn to hear.

" Oh ! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
" The flow'r of all his race?

* The story of this Ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house.—The Greyhound, named Gêlert, was given to him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place to this day is called Beth-Gêlert, or the Grave of Gelert.

" So true, so brave ; a lamb at home,
" A lion in the chace !"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed ;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of Hart or Hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewelyn homeward hied :
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood :
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise :
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gêlert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent ;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied ;
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side ;
But no where found his child.

" Hell-hound ! my child by thee's devour'd !"
The frantic father cried ;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd:
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:
" Best of thy kind adieu !
" The frantic blow, which laid thee low,
" This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In Fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of " Gêlert's Grave."

DOLYMELYNLLYN,
August 11, 1800.

EGBERT AND INA.

A TALE.

" Whose is the rev'rend beard of snow
" That drops with many a tear?
" And whose the voice of sharpest woe
" That wounds my pitying ear?

" O whose the form that bending down
" So deeply seems to mourn?
" And whose the arm that round it thrown
" Clasps the funereal urn?"

Most gentle youth! whoe'er thou art
To these sad eyes unknown,
No comfort now can reach my heart
For grief and I are one.

Beneath this tomb a daughter lies
Once to these arms most dear;
For her these unremitting sighs,
For her this constant tear.

And here, hard by my Ina's side,
Among the silent dead,
A noble Youth, his country's pride,
Untimely rests his head.

Him late each echoing forest knew,
And every verdant plain,
For in the chace his shaft he threw
The foremost of the train.

None could like him pursue the prey
And aim th' unerring dart,
None could like him attune the lay
And melt the Virgin's heart.

Him Bertha lov'd, of every charm
The raptur'd eye to win ;
But though the Graces deck'd her form
The Furies dwelt within.

The hero's honest heart to gain
In vain the Damsel pin'd,
But Venus' self had sued in vain,
If curst with Bertha's mind.

It was not at the radiant eye,
Nor breast the snow that sham'd,

Nor cheek with more than morning's dye,
'Twas at the heart he aim'd.

And once it chanc'd, when all was fair,
As Ina careless roved,
That blooming Egbert wander'd near,
She saw him—and she loved.

His stately form, his manly grace,
His eye so piercing bright,
The beaming glories of his face,
All rush'd upon her sight.

Nor less did Ina's charms conspire
His bosom to subdue;
Her milder beauties rais'd a fire
Which burnt for ever true.

While Egbert, like the God of Day,
In dazzling radiance shone,
My Ina rival'd Cynthia's ray
And beam'd a softer Sun.

The Youth drew near the blushing Maid,
And kneeling told his flame;
She sigh'd, and hung her modest head,
And homeward trembling came.

Full oft the much lov'd spot she sought
Where first they chanc'd to meet,
And there full oft beheld in thought
Her Egbert at her feet.

The Youth at length as there he stray'd,
And shun'd the noon-tide beam,
Again approach'd the blooming Maid,
And realized the dream.

His words in softest language drest
Found passage to her heart,
His speaking eyes his love exprest,
And prov'd them void of art.

And now the willing fair one gain'd,
By his bewitching voice,
A Father's tongue alone remain'd
To ratify the choice.

Meantime Earl Oswald, great in power,
Enamour'd of her charms,
Offer'd to take, without a dower,
My Ina to his arms.

Ambition deck'd in gorgeous state
Rose splendid to my view,

And wishing Ina to be great,
I made her wretched too.

'Tis true in brightest gems she shone
Amid the courtly train,
But frequent was the heartfelt groan
That proved her inward pain.

No longer now serene and gay
My hapless child appears,
But wastes in silent woe the day,
And all the night in tears.

Yet ne'er reproached the av'rice vile
Which all her bliss o'erthrew,
But dress'd her wan cheek with a smile
Whene'er she met my view.

But where was fled the native rose
That inward joys exprest?
And where was fled the sweet repose
Once inmate of her breast!

Ill did Earl Oswald's jealous mind
Her constant sorrows bear,
But words ungen'rous and unkind
Augmented every tear.

Oft when he found her bathed in woe,
And with her griefs half dead,
He'd charge her with a broken vow
And violated bed.

Thus two long years they pass'd, 'till death
In one thrice happy hour,
Robb'd haughty Oswald of his breath,
And free'd her from his pow'r.

Again her faithful Egbert sues,
And Ina grants his pray'r;
Nor could a Father's tongue refuse
To bless the angel pair.

At length the happy morn appear'd
Their mutual flame to crown,
When thus my Ina's voice was heard
To chide the minutes on.

'O haste ye minutes! haste (she said)
" More swift than e'er ye flew,
" In pity to an anxious maid
" Bring Egbert to my view.

" For him with brighter roses crown'd
" Aurora leads the day,

" For him the jocund groves resound
" With a more sprightly lay.

" For him the church-way path is spread
" With many a fragrant flow'r,
" For him is strewn the bridal bed,
" For him is deck'd the bow'r.

" The sky that late was overcast
" Assumes a look serene,
" And now the threat'ning storm is past,
" And not a cloud is seen.

" From haughty Oswald's power free'd,
" My Egbert's flame I meet;
" A Father smiles upon the deed,
" And makes my bliss compleat.

" Yes Egbert, yes, the hour is nigh
" Which makes me ever thine,
" Which changes every bursting sigh
" To extacy divine."

The hour arrived, and Ina smil'd
As grief she ne'er had known;
And Egbert led my blooming child,
And Hymen made them one.

The feast was spread, the minstrel's song
Re-echoed through the air;
The bowl went round, and ev'ry tongue
Pray'd blessings on the pair.

While to his lips with joy sincere
The cup young Egbert prest,
And pour'd in Ina's list'ning ear
The dictates of his breast.

" Oh may the bliss which now I feel
" Prove permanent as sweet!
" And then when Death at length shall steal
" With slow and silent feet;

" When he shall crop the blushing rose
" That o'er thy cheek is spread,
" When those bright eyes his hand shall close,
" And bow that angel head;

" May happy Egbert not remain
" To weep his Ina's doom,
" But at the self-same hour obtain
" A passport to the tomb!"

The nuptial draught, as thus he spoke,
He offer'd to the fair,

The cup with smiles sweet Ina took,
And seconded his pray'r.

" Oh may the bliss which now I feel
" Prove permanent as sweet!
" And then at length when Death shall steal
" With slow and silent feet;

" When he shall crop the blooming rose
" Which o'er thy cheek is spread,
" When those bright eyes his hand shall close
" And bow that angel head;

" May happy Ina not remain
" To mourn her Egbert's doom,
" But at the self-same hour obtain
" A passport to the tomb!"

The pray'r was heard; her glist'ning eye
She fixt on Egbert's face?
His cheek grew pale, " Alas I die!"
He died in her embrace.

She stood in motionless despair
As she the body view'd,
Nor heav'd a sigh, nor gush'd the tear,
Nor mournful word ensued.

She could not weep, she could not speak,
Upon the earth she fell,
Grim Death was seated on her cheek;
They rung my Ina's knell.

"And is it thus, ye pair, (I said)
"And is it thus ye meet?
"And is, alas! the bridal bed
"Become a winding sheet?

"And must the flowers in yonder dome,
"Twin'd for your nuptial wreath,
"Be strew'd, sad office! on your tomb,
"To ornament your death?"

How sad the change! the morning Sun
Beheld them gay and fair;
When evening came, the rising Moon
Gleam'd on their funeral bier.

Curs'd be the hand that mix'd the bowl,
And blasted be the head
Of her whose dark and jealous soul
Placed Ina with the dead.

Poor Egbert too! but they're at rest!
Me, rest can never know;

Curse on that wretch's ruthless breast
Who steep'd my days in woe!

'Twas Bertha; mad with slighted love
She fann'd a fiercer fire,
And call'd on Vengeance to remove
The objects of her ire.

I call'd on Vengeance too—she heard,
Propitious to my call;
In Suicide's dread form appear'd,
And work'd fierce Bertha's fall.

For doom'd the tort'ring pangs to feel
The guilty that abide,
In her own breast she plung'd the steel,
And unlamented died.

Beneath yon' bare and blasted Oak
She holds her curst abode;
And there the baleful Ravens croak,
And there the venom'd Toad.

No modest Primrose e'er was seen
Upon that spot to bloom;
But the dread Hemlock's hated green
Grows rank around her tomb.

While near the sacred turf, where rest
My Children's lov'd remains,
The Robin builds his little nest,
And pours his plaintive strains.

And there the Vi'let's early blue
By Spring's sweet hand is strown,
And there assumes a brighter hue,
And beauties not his own.

And there a tortur'd Father's eyes
The floods of sorrow pour,
And there will heave a Father's sighs
'Till life shall be no more.

For where is now a daughter's love,
Her gentleness and truth,
Which would the cares of Age remove,
And bring a second Youth.

Oh! where is now the sapling Oak
On which the Ivy grew?
The tree the tempest's rage has broke,
Now falls the Ivy too.

THE MOURNER AND LOVE.

"Why, Love, with Pleasure's wanton lure
Insult the grief that knows no cure?
Why with unhallow'd steps intrude
On Mis'ry's sacred Solitude?
Those laughing eyes no sorrow shew,
That rosy cheek no suffering woe;
That frolic step, that playful air,
Mark they the anguish of Despair?
Go then where Mirth and Pleasure stray,
Go strew with flowers their bright'ning way;
Fill the rich bowl, the nectar sip
With sparkling glance and dimpling lip;
Let Music breathe her joys around,
And Rapture elevate the sound:
But leave this sad retreat of Woe,
And fly the grief thou ne'er can'st know.
No mirth is here—here sounds alone
The plaintive sigh, the deep'ning groan;
No eye but sunk in grief appears,
No cheek but pale and wet with tears."

" And wilt thou thus for ever mourn,
Thus ever clasp thy Mary's urn ?
Henry ! does youth thy bosom warm,
And grace adorn thy manly form,
Yet Beauty round thee spread in vain
Her silken net, and golden chain ?—
Oh ! hast thou seen th' Autumnal Rose
Blushing alone 'mid early snows ;
Not then more white appear'd the snow,
Nor brighter was that Rose's glow
Than Julia's cheeks ; and o'er her face
Light moving shines a richer grace,
A softer light, a finer hue
Than Westall's pencil ever knew.
And could'st thou act a lover's part,
Wake the fond wish, and touch her heart;
How, when thou saw'st her eyes retreat
From those they wish'd yet fear'd to meet ;
If thine those eyes that caus'd alarm,
How would her looks thy bosom warm,
Thy heart in languors melt away,
And own with sighs, and bless my sway ?
But view thyself her bosom fair,
Her polish'd neck, her auburn hair :
Her foot that wooes the truant gaze
The nicest symmetry betrays,

And draws the restless wand'ring eye
Above the sandal's silken tye,
Where the light folds—" " Cease, Love, away—
I scorn thy wiles—I mock thy sway—
The finest form, the fairest Maid
That Poet's pencil e'er pourtray'd,
The widowed heart would court in vain
Which ne'er can throb to bliss again;
Welcome alone this dark'ning gloom,
This silent shade, and Mary's tomb."

" Thy Mary's tomb! why, Henry, why,
Still pour the tear, still heave the sigh?
Thy tears are paid—from Sorrow flee,
To Nature treason, and to me.
See down the dance with footstep gay
Fair Ellen win her airy way,
While to the varied numbers beat
With playful grace her sparkling feet.
Wakes she the harp's melodious flow
In plaintive numbers, deep and low.
A softening calm e'en thou shalt feel
O'er thy lull'd senses gently steal.
And when her hand she gaily flings
Quick glancing o'er the sprightlier strings,
Not less thy raptur'd heart shall please
Her thrilling sweep, her careless ease.

Her's too the looks that quick express
Grief, joy, delight, and tenderness.
Her's innocence and artless glee,
Sense, archness, wit, and gaiety;
Th' expressive mien, the taste refin'd,
The ardent soul, the cultur'd mind;
Wit, merit, genius, all thy own,
On thee bestow'd, and thee alone.
Say, Henry, cannot these renew
What once thy heart for Mary knew?

"Oh! try not, Love, to raise a flame
Which honour, virtue, must disclaim.
To happier lovers I resign
The charms that never must be mine.
Yet think not that in Ellen's sight
I feel no gleam of faint delight;
But the light transient sunshine o'er,
Frowns not the dark'ning landscape more?
The smiles that on her cheek I see
Of mirth and thoughtless gaiety,
But bid me think how soon may pine
Her heart with grief, resembling mine?
How soon like me may Ellen mourn
O'er joys that never must return,
And find, ere Youth's gay years retire,
Hope disappear, and life expire."

" And feel'st thou not a pleasure dear
While secret falls th' unbidden tear?
More soft thy heart, more pure thy mind,
By tenderness and grief refin'd?
Nor yet less soft, less pure than thine,
The gentle heart of Adeline!
Ah! give that fond, that faithful fair,
Thy sorrows and thy soul to share.
Soft is the bloom that o'er her cheeks
In transient, timid blushes breaks;
And well becomes that roseate hue,
Her melting eyes of heavenly blue.
Yet languid oft that melting eye
And pale that cheek of roseate dye;
But not less sweet that cheek appears,
Nor less that languid eye endears.
Attendant Virtues round her move
Each thought, each act inspire, approve—
Fair Modesty with downcast eye,
And trembling Sensibility;
And Artlessness with blushing air,
Unconscious that herself is fair;
Warm Charity with liberal mind,
That pours her blessings unconfin'd;
Affection that her soul bestows
On him whom once her bosom chose,

Feels but the joy his eyes express,
And lives but in his Happiness."

" Oh cease! why, Love, why thus renew
The scenes which agoniz'd I view.
Such was the form, the angel charms,
The worth, that fill'd these widow'd arms.
The virtues such, that once refin'd
My Mary's heart, my Mary's mind.
Yet did I see in slow decay
Those charms, those beauties fade away—
And felt that hand, which as I prest
To mine, her parting love exprest,
Cold, deadly cold—saw Youth's gay bloom
No more her faded face illume;
Saw Death's cold damps upon her cheek;
And those blue orbs, whose glance could speak,
Their last sad tale of fondness tell,
And bid the world and me farewell.
Yet think not, Love, thy powerful art
Can turn from her this faithful heart;
I burn, but 'tis for her I burn
Who never can that flame return;
I sigh, but 'tis for her who hears
No sighs, nor sees these falling tears;
I gaze, but 'tis on her whose eye
Returns no smile of sympathy;

I speak, but 'tis to her whose ear
No mortal sounds can ever hear.
Far, far from earth to distant skies
My thoughts aspire, my wishes rise;
Each fond regret, to that last seat
Of bliss unchang'd, I bid retreat;
And struggling, to that Heaven I turn
Where Angels praise, and Seraphs burn."

THE END.

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